The Flight That Changed Everything [On Hiatus]

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/24152860.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Matthew Brown, Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Adam Raki, Original Characters, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Alana Bloom, More characters to be added - Character
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, True Mates, age gap, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will Graham, Daddy Kink, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Smut, Fluff, Not Beta Read, cameo appearances - Freeform, Alternate Universe - Sugar Daddy, Hannibal is the Chesapeake Ripper, Will doesn't really mind, Sex Toys, Masturbation, Blood and Gore, Murder, Don't Like Don't Read, Don't copy to another site, Sexual Harrassment (not Hannibal), Non-Consensual Touching, Sexism, Unsafe Sex, Eventual mpreg, Spanking, Power Exchange, BDSM elements, unhealthy relationship, Control Issues
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Omegaverse Stories
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-12 Updated: 2022-05-22 Words: 28,451 Chapters: 11/?

The Flight That Changed Everything [On Hiatus]

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will takes in the interesting, luring scent of an alpha in the plane on the way to Charlotte Douglas airport in North Carolina when he returns from an obligatory family visit. Soon after he leaves the plane to catch his flight to Washington. When he learns his connecting flight is cancelled, he goes into a surprise heat. The heat is stronger than anything he had ever gone through and leaves him helpless and exposed. Unexpectedly, the mysterious alpha helps him out and provides for him. After the heat, Will finds himself unable to let go of the alpha, his true mate called Hannibal, despite his initial intention of staying independent. He takes a decision that will change his life forever when he returns to university and goes back to see Hannibal again when he can't bear it any longer. A new life begins.
On indefinite hiatus

Notes

FYI: Will is 25, Hannibal is 40.

Warning: This might not be an accurate representation of an actual BDSM relationship. I keep researching but I haven't got any experience.

Update 22/05/22

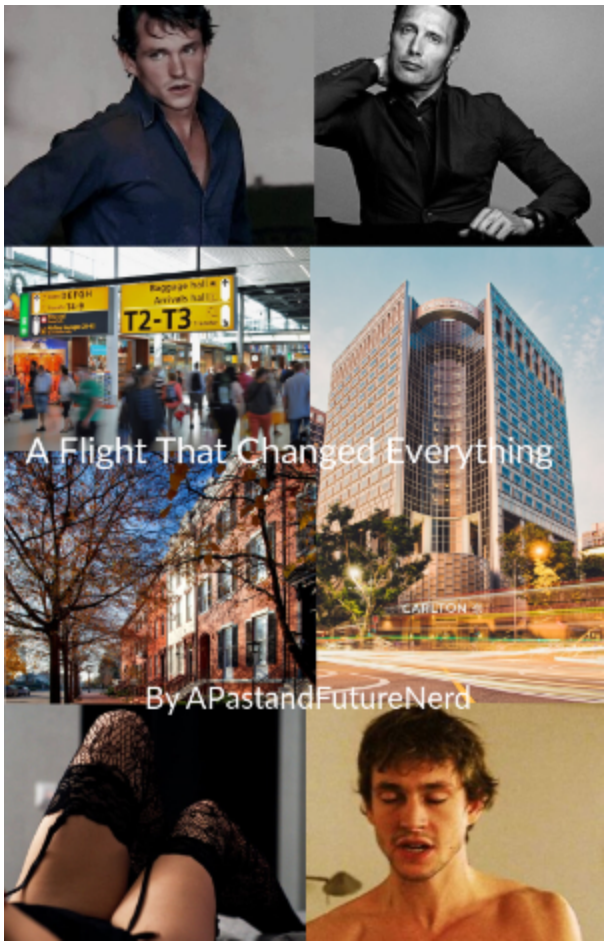
Hello there! My muse still appears only occasionally, so I will write and post new chapters only whenever I feel like it. The motivation and energy is still not the way it used to be. So you all will need patience. Chapters might be posted every few months but I can't promise a regular schedule.

Thanks for reading and your lovely comments ☺

XOXO

APastandFutureNerd

Stranded



Raindrops crackled against the small, oval plexiglass plane windows. The plane convulsed with tremors as it flew through grey swirls of clouds. Some passengers groaned when they noticed the occurring turbulence during the slow descent with the aim of a safe landing at the airport of Charlotte Douglas in North Carolina.

Two crew members walked swiftly through the narrow corridor between the aisles to ensure the passengers brought their seats into the upright position. Unbothered by any of the turbulences and the swaying plane, Will put his phone into flight mode and removed the in earplugs for a second when the steward approached and checked on him and his chatty, noisy neighbors. The smiling steward advised the betas next to him to put on their seat belt and moved on.

Once the steward had gone, Will put his in earplugs back in. He jerked when a mysterious, strong scent permeated the sticky air in the cabin and his pulse started racing. His breath came out ragged as his chest tightened. When he looked to the corridor, he only saw the silhouette of a tall, slender figure walking through the corridor of the cabin and disappearing into the first-class again after being prompted by the crew to sit down. The lady with the shoulder-long brown hair and green-brown eyes flung a confused glance at him but didn’t bother to ask if he was okay.

Leaning back, he closed his eyes and focused on the music again, a mix of pop and rock songs, until the plane finally landed on the airway under the scarce applause of some people who thought it was a good idea to applaud. Unnerved by the loud cheering, he rolled his eyes and gathered his belongings, then waited until the queue of people heading towards the exit had shortened and stood up, following the chattering beta women who had sat beside him.

Once settled in the bus, Will checked his phone. According to the arrival time, the plane was on time and everything went well. But his heart still kept thrumming in his chest and Will wondered why the scent of an alpha affected him that much. Something was definitely wrong. He definitely should have taken a higher dosage of the heat suppressants but here he was.

In the hall destined for travelers who would wait until they'd board the next plane, there was a little turmoil. Pheromones of distress and anger wafted through the air and Will wondered why that was. When a voice called for their attention, Will immediately knew the reason.

"We would like to inform you that the connecting flight WDC189 is canceled die to technical issues. Please head to the desks of Delta Airlines for more information and collect your luggage. Thank you."

People yelled and cursed when they comprehended their flight was not going as scheduled. Children cried in confusion and disappointment. Will rolled his eyes and made his way through the gates to the help desk where passengers would get vouchers. Once he had arrived in the vast all and line dup in the admittedly huge queue in front of the Delta airline desk, he smelled the same scent again and Will cursed as his body reacted to it again.

"Are you kidding me?" Will thought grumpily, as slick formed in his ass and drenched his underwear. Never before had his body reacted to the scent of an alpha like that. His body temperature elevated to a dangerously high level. Damp sweat drenched his blue shirt and hair.

Everything in him screamed "Alpha...breed me. Please." It came at the most inconvenient time, here at the airport late in the evening. And the alpha who had triggered this was nowhere to be seen at the moment. The employee, a beta woman with a blonde bun and an artificial smile on her face, who was sitting behind the airline desk and preparing a voucher for the hotel, shot him a pitiful look and handed him a voucher for the hotel when she had checked his details on the passport and printed it.

"There you are, Sir." She scrutinized him, contemplating helping him. "Should I call a taxi for you?" He didn't respond at first. Will tilted his head and glanced around. Some other alphas stepped out of the queue and approached him, smelling his distress. "No, it's alright ,he will go with me", a smooth, calming voice with an Eastern European accent said.

Will whirled around, his eyes widening as he recognised the tall, mysterious man from the plane that had passed him by on the way to the toilet. Ash-blonde hair, maroon eyes with a tinge of red and prominent cheekbones. "I have called a taxi already", he told the beta woman. She shrugged, then called the next person needing assistance. "Next, please!"

“Come with me ”, the strange alpha told him in his commanding, Alpha voice, accompanied by a guttural growl. Will complied, his body reacting for him. “The taxi won’t be staying long. We need to hurry.” Will let out a pitiful whine, then followed the alpha, who carried his luggage for him, to the exit.

The walk seemed to last an eternity for Will as the hall of the airport was quite vast and the distance to the exit not to be underestimated. Especially when you are an omega in heat, unable to keep you on your wobbly legs, your vision blurry, your body dehydrated.

Finally, they stepped outside and reached the taxi lane where a driver already walked up to the alpha, took his trolley and Will’s bag. “My name is Hannibal”, he told Will with a purr as they were seated in the back of the cab and Will stared at him, his breath shallow and fast.

Hannibal took out a bottle with water from his smaller, brown leather bag where he stored laptops and other stuff and handed it to him. Will snatched it from Hannibal’s hand, opened the lid greedily, and gulped it down. “I’m afraid I don’t have any snacks with me”, he apologized.

“But once we are at the hotel I will order some food for the next two or three days.” “Thank you”, Will murmured, eying him warily and with distrust while trying to keep his Heat at bay. Where would this situation lead to? Can he trust him? Would the alpha claim him?

Would he make him his mate, his omega breeding machine, and force him to abandon his studies of criminal psychology and forensic science? Fuck. Will was desperate. He didn’t want to end up as all the other Omegas kept like slaves in the home of the alphas. Even though it was the 21st century, omegas still were discriminated against, often subjected to assault and abuse, and never taken seriously by the police officers or politicians who often were Alphas themselves and secretly having more than one mate. It was a scandal but alphas determined the history and hierarchy of society.

Taking a look at his clients in the backseat, the driver decided to put up the black, intransparent screen between back and front. The omega whined loud when this happened. In response to the sour hormones of fear and stress, Hannibal’s scent glands produced soothing hormones.

“Shh”, Hannibal purred. “It’s going to be alright, my lovely boy.” “No....No!”Will mewled and bent forward to knock frantically at the screen. “Let me out”, he yelled. Tears formed in his eyes. No, he didn’t want to be anyone’s slave. But the natural urge in him was strong.

Hannibal cupped the beautiful face of the omega into his hands. “We are nearly there”, he cooed, brushing his fingers over his cheek. It was true. The cab was leaving the highway and driving into a street crammed with airport hotels. “And I have no intention of taking advantage of your heat or raping you.”

Will let out a little bitter laugh. “Isn’t that what every abuser says to their victim?” Hannibal pulled back.”Well, if that is what you’re accusing me of you can stay in the car and find your hotel”, he replied in a cool tone, unfastening his salt belt and opening the door.

Will was torn and bit on his lip. He could, of course, stay in the cab and gave the driver the address of his hotel but his body screamed for the presence of alpha and he sensed that, unfortunately, the heat wouldn't abate without him. "No, wait", he called weakly.

Hannibal stopped, opened his door without further comment and helped the omega out of the car, and advised the driver to take out his luggage as well. He thrust a stack of bills into the hand of the driver who thanked him and made his way back to the cab and drove off.

An attentive hotel boy dressed in an elegant, white hotel uniform came to help and carried their luggage into the lobby. Will lost all inhibitions and clung to Hannibal, rubbing his cheek into his shoulder when stepping into the foyer of the Ritz-Carlton hotel. Hannibal smiled at the clinginess of the omega but it took him a great deal of iron-clad self-discipline to suppress his urge to mate him.

Safe but not saved

Chapter Summary

Will goes into heat but Hannibal makes a surprising decision to ensure the omega's gratefulness and interest after the heat. He helps him out in a different way.

Chapter Notes

Alright, alright. It's not starting off the way you think, but it's going to be like that in the end :) Hannibal is a freakin' tease.

Next two chapters follow in the next few days once they're edited.

After checking in at the reception and ordering some food and drinks for both him and the omega, the two of them made their way to the Suite Deluxe - one of the priciest most decadent rooms the hotel had. Hannibal wouldn't want anything cheap. The voucher would only be valid for a standard room, which was already well-equipped but not satisfying *his* standards. The young employee was astonished at the bold demand but said nothing as Hannibal insisted on an upgrade and paid in advance with his golden MasterCard without blinking. He also gave the employee a generous tip."If you need anything else, please call us ", the employee called after them with a wide smile, eying they omega with pity and worry though.

Hannibal glanced back and returned the smile then hurried forward as the omega tugged at the sleeve of his suit. They walked down the long hall with the polished marble floor and walls, the expensive red carpets, then stepped into the elevator. The doors closed as Hannibal pressed one of the red buttons on the wall. Soon they rushed upwards to the last floor of the hotel. "Forgive me, but I forgot to ask you for your name", Hannibal remarked in a gentle voice and let out soothing purrs that rumbled in his chest.

He kept petting the soaked curls of the omega who snuggled up to him in the elevator, needing comfort, to feel and hear the constant pounding of his heart. "Will Graham ", the omega mumbled, burying his face into Hannibal's suit and shirt.

A ping indicated they had arrived at the last floor. Hannibal had difficulties walking out of the elevator with a needy Will clinging to him but he managed to do so. The luggage had already been brought up by the attentive hotel clerk who had already left. As soon as they entered their suite, Will let out a pleased and relieved whine and collapsed to the polished floor of the Suite in the anteroom.

He was simply exhausted from the long day traveling and the Heat took its toll. Having closed the door, Hannibal then hunkered down to pick him up and carry him to the master bedroom of the suite, managing to open the golden door handle on the mahogany door somehow. “Alpha”, Will pleaded. “Please...I need you.”

“You need some food and drinks first”, Hannibal cooed, fighting hard to resist planting a short kiss to these seducing, pink lips or to bite him here. It was decided. He would do anything to make Will his mate. But as soon as Will’s mind would clear, he would hate him for what he did and so he mustn't succumb at all costs.

Losing this beautiful, young, and smart omega would be a shame so Hannibal decided to try it with fake knots and other toys first. He would mate him only if there was no other way and his health was at risk. At least he would have an excuse and a valid explanation for his actions afterward.

So he placed the omega down on the soft mattress with the beige cover, matching brown silken sheets and cream-white fluffy pillows and retreated into the living room area. Will whined like a dog frustration but Hannibal had to. “I will be back”, he promised him. “But I can’t mate you right now. You’ll understand.” The pained cries of his true mate in need shattered his heart but there was no other way.

Someone rang the bell at the door. Looking through the narrow gap, Hannibal saw the room service clerk waiting with the ordered food which filled him with relief. He opened the door, let them enter and push the wheeled trolley with the food into the room. Steam rose up from the Hannibal had ordered lots of starters and snacks, some soup, some meat, and salad for himself.

Hannibal shoved some of the appetizers , a selection of cheese bites, a variety of fruits and vegetables, slices bacon, and buttered bread on a plate then walked to the bedroom with the tray that came with it. Pushing the door open, he was greeted with Will’s exquisite nude body tossing and turning in the silken sheets, grinding his cock against the mattress.

“Will, I have something for you”, Hannibal purred, trying to get his attention. He approached the bed slowly as some omegas could become violent when their Heat was not sated immediately. One of the patients he had treated had behaved like that. Luckily, Bedelia had killed him before Frank became too dangerous. Hannibal placed the tray with the food on the nightstand next to the bed and left again to return with two bottles of water and an assortment of snacks from the basket in the living room area.

Being deprived of an alpha’s cock, Will thought he had to die. This ache for an alpha to soothe and knot drove him to the edge of insanity. He wanted to cum and be bred. Why couldn’t he have it? Why was the alpha so mean to him? His eyes turned to silver when his ears perceived the alpha’s smooth voice.

Feeling the omega’s wrath rising at his refusal to touch him, Hannibal took some steps back locked the door just in time before Will could lunge at him. The omega let out loud, furious growls and mewls, rattled and scratched at the door like a caged and ferocious animal. The door was already damaged, for sure. Hannibal inhaled deeply to restrain himself. This was a matter he could easily solve with his charm and money.

Instead of succumbing to his primal instincts, he fetched his black iPhone and ordered some sex toys as well as some condoms using the Amazon app which promised delivery within an hour. He hoped delivery would be as fast as they promised. Because the longer he waited, the more excruciating it would be for Will.

In the worst case, the omega's health would be severely damaged. So all he could do was wait, talk to him and see what happens. "Calm down, Will", Hannibal soothed him. The omega kept on wailing, rattling at, and hitting against the door. "Why?" He whined. "Alpha..please..please.breed me."

"You have to be strong now", Hannibal cooed while standing in front of the bedroom door. "I know you are." He looked at his phone. It would take thirty minutes until the package would arrive. "Remember I promised not to harm you", he went on. "I don't care", Will cried. "It's hurting me...I can't hold on..I'm going to die", he sobbed.

"You're not going to die", Hannibal said and looked at his watch. "I have ordered fake knots and toys for you", he purred. "Just a little longer. Can you hold out twenty more minutes for me, my boy?" In the room Will sank down to the floor, inserting fingers into his slicked hole.

There were no further mewls and angry noises coming from Will which worried Hannibal. He wondered if Will was alright or his health was in serious danger and if he had made the wrong decision. "Will?" He asked, knocking at the door. "Answer me! "

Polite as he was, he knocked at the door. There was silence. When he was about to enter, Will finally replied "Yes", Will snapped. "I'm there..fucking myself because you don't want to." He wrapped his hand around his cock and slid his hand up and down while hitting his prostate with his fingers. Again and again and again. But this was absolutely nothing compared to an alpha's cock. He fantasized about how his cock would be like. Thick and fat for sure. Would he be circumcised? Did he shave? And beneath all these clothes, how did Hannibal look like?

Hannibal purred in satisfaction. "Good boy", he purred. "You're doing so well. You will be thanking me when this is over, trust me." "It's so fuckin' hard", Will sobbed, fucking himself faster. Not only for you, Hannibal thought. His phone gave off another buzz and he unlocked the screen to read the update. The parcel was about to arrive at any time.

Better to act now. Hannibal dialed the number of the reception and told the clerk he expected a delivery. He told them if they could sign it and bring it to his room, briefly describing the emergency. They were happy to oblige and it was a matter of minutes until the bell rang again.

He handed the employee another generous stack of bills, ook the parcel out of his hand, and opened it with a letter opener. He wrinkled his nose at the cheap material and chemical smell of the pink sex toy with the deflatable knot. He would gift Will a decent one when he was his mate.

Dildos made of platinum or gold with oscillating diamonds on them. He had also seen some butt plugs shaped like swans, which reminded him of the portrait of Leda and the Swan hanging in his dining room. Hannibal smirked at the thought of a custom-made dildo.

Something worthy of his wonderful body. Only the best for his future mate. Another frustrated whine tore him out of his thoughts and back to the present. Grabbing the sex toys from the package, Hannibal walked towards the door again and unlocked it.

“I’m coming in again”, Hannibal announced loudly, waiting for a moment until he heard Will grunting and dragging his body away from the door. He slowly pushed the door open and brushed past Will. Just when he wanted to turn around, Will lunged at him with a snarl and fell on the bed.

Will pinned him down to the bed with the weight of his body. He tore off his clothes, not caring about rips in the fabric or loosened buttons. It didn’t take long and Hannibal got the upper hand again. He knocked his hands away with ease and flipped the omega on his back.

On the verge of succumbing to the temptation underneath him, Hannibal inhaled sharply, scrutinizing Will with a menacing glance in his crimson red eyes. Will stopped writhing on the bed. After a short struggle, Hannibal stood up, though, panting and laid the sex toys next to Will.

“I will sleep in the living room”, he told Will glancing back over his shoulder. “Please eat and drink. I will check on you later.” Having grabbed his pajama and the cosmetic products he needed, Hannibal then retreated to the bathroom, wondering if he had made the right decision.

Cursing Hannibal loudly, not caring if the alpha could hear it, Will then reluctantly dragged his exhausted body towards the nightstand, gulped down half of the bottle, and ate some of the cheese cubes before laying flat on his back again.

He grabbed the pink, rechargeable dildo with the deflatable fake knot and led it to his moist, puckered entrance, imagining it would be the alpha’s thick cock, invading him with quick, short thrusts and torturing him in the sweetest way.

The strong vibration made Will quiver and moan obscenely. He ground his back against the mattress while fucking himself harder and faster, wanting to obliterate the unbearable, burning ache within. At all times, he had visions of Hannibal on top of him, his eyes wild and lustful, his chest pressing down on him like a heavy blanket and shielding him from the world.

Outside, Hannibal, whilst enjoying his meal, despite the fact it was not cooked by himself, tried his hardest to find some inner peace but just like Will, he sensed the ache, the longing for mating and claiming the cute omega for his own. When he closed his eyes, he saw Will lying in the bedroom and wondered if the omega sensed and saw the same. If they were really true mates there would be no other way than to bond but Hannibal wanted to stick to his subtle manipulation. “Hold on”, he tried to reach out to Will. “It will be over soon. You’re so brave.”

Will lifted his head in confusion and glanced around when Hannibal reached out to him but fuck, he needed to come and didn’t respond. Through the blurred, misty veil, he saw Hannibal sitting on the couch and unzipping his own trousers. More slick gushed out and he fucked himself even harder.“ Fuck. That was hurting so much. “Yes, just like that”, Hannibal

encouraged him through the strange mental connection that had formed despite not being bonded yet. “Keep going.” Sitting comfortably on the velvet couch with spread legs, Hannibal gripped his bulging, hard cock and jerked himself off. He started out slow, like Will, then jerked faster, trembling and groaning. When Will reached his climax, shuddering and whimpering, Hannibal came, too, and jerked as his thick seeds spilled on the napkin he was holding.

In the bedroom, Will exhaled sharply and rested on the bed with spread legs and arms. Will’s ache was a little eased with the artificial knot filling him up but this was merely a taste for the next rounds. He could think clearly for the first time since the incident at the airport and was thankful Hannibal didn’t claim him but he was still irritated as he didn’t exactly understand the alpha’s motive. Most alphas were cruel and possessive once they had found their mate. Hannibal was helpful and quite reserved.

Would he be the exception? The next round of the Heat robbed him of thinking again before he could draw a conclusion. The ache and restlessness returned and Will whimpered again while shoving the pink dildo into him once more.

After a few more agonizing rounds of aching and knotting himself Will fell asleep, sated and worn out. It was midnight. Hannibal, having stayed awake and gone through his emails, sneaked in the room to check on the omega. A satisfied purr left him when he noticed the snacks and beverages had been devoured.

He chuckled when he noticed some crumbles and empty wrappings of snack bars scattered on the bed and shook his head. That would be unthinkable in his home but he found it adorable. Despite not having asked for permission, Hannibal sifted his hand through his curls, unable to resist touching him, covered him with a light blanket then flicked off the light. At the threshold, he turned around to give him a last loving glance and shut the door once again.

Heading Back Home

Chapter Summary

> Will's heat is over and they have a short conversation before leaving. Hannibal doesn't press Will. He brings him home and gives him a taste of what he could have. Will is impressed but doesn't take the initiative yet.

Chapter Notes

> We will get there. Just three chapters longer!
>
> Honestly I know I don't stick to my words of taking a break but I can't stop my impatient self 😅

The days began to blur. Will had no idea how much time had passed since his heat started. It was around noon when he woke up from the persistent vibration of his phone. Or was it evening? No bright rays of sunshine welcomed him when he peeked through the gap of the light brown curtain. The sky was grey today. Once he sat up in bed, he panicked for a second when he realised he was not in his flat in Washington. Where was he? He was supposed to be at home by now. Had he been abducted?

His gaze flickered through the room in bewilderment. Will wondered why the heck he found himself in a vast, fancy bed room with all the luxuries you could think of - a king-sized bed with the perfect mattress, blanket and pillows, a huge flat TV screen mounted on the wall, red plush robes hanging at the door rack, a wardrobe too big for the few clothes he possessed.

Then be looked to the right. He discovered the sex toys lying next to him as well as the silver plate and tray on the table with some fresh fancy food, wrappings of chocolate bars and crisps on the floor and filled water bottles next to the bed. Slowly some vague shreds of memories came back to him. The last memory he remembered was that his flight to Washington got cancelled and he had been stuck at the Charlotte Douglas airport.

Will kept ignoring the tenacious ringing and vibration of his smartphone. His eyes widened as the memories came back to him. Shit, his heat had kicked in. He focussed harder and massaged his aching temples while thinking hard. Yes, someone brought him to this hotel. remembered a taxi driver and someone with maroon eyes and prominent cheekbones. Had the alpha bonded him and exploited his heat?

Fuck, no! His fingers shot to the crook of his neck in panic to find out he had, in fact, not been claimed. He frowned and exhaled sharply to calm down. Ah, yes. The stranger called Hannibal, had given him toys instead of making him his mate. It was still not comprehensible to him. Will sighed, shook his head and searched for the damn phone.

Finally he found his old Samsung phone whose screen already had some cracks. He had put it in the pocket of his jeans that was folded neatly and hung on the beige armchair in the corner next to the huge glass windows hidden behind a curtain. Will unlocked the phone showing a lot of missed calls and a dozens of angry messages from Bev. He also noticed he would have to charge it soon as the battery had gone down to ten percent and a warning popped out.

"*Where are you?? It's not nice to leave your team members hanging like this.The paper doesn't write itself."*

Colour drained from his face and his breath stopped for some seconds. Shit.The deadline of the case report was due today! He read all the messages with utter horror, figuring he had lots to explain to Bev, Jimmy and Brian.

With trembling and impatient hands he wrote Bev, Jimmy and Brian a message, occasionally deleting and rewriting the words.

"Look, my flight was cancelled and I went into Heat at the airport some days ago. Someone has brought me into a hotel. Will be back tomorrow at uni and make up to you all. I'm sorry."

After sending the message, he placed it aside and plugged in the charging cable. to the phone and the plug socket. He picked up the clothes from the wardrobe, tossed them on the bed and quickly changed into fresh clothes - blue boxers, black denim jeans and a plaid shirt. The door to the bedroom opened quietly. "Good afternoon, Will", Hannibal greeted him, carrying a tray in his hands.Will managed just in time to do up the buttons of his shirt.

"Oh.....hi", Will replied, his cheeks filling with colour again.His heart beat accelerated once again; the pounding was loud in his ears and his legs turned wobbly once more. Will prayed the heat didn't come back.So he shifted his eyes to the luggage, ignored Hannibal for a moment and stuffed the stained, sweaty clothes in a messy way into his small suitcase.

"Let me help you", Hannibal suggested, watching Will struggle with closing the suitcase. He disapproved of Will's messy way of packing and would teach the omega how to fold clothes neatly. All the work he had put into folding his clothes were now in vain. But the locks clicked and the luggage was shut.

"See?" Will remarked, panting heavily as he was feeling the aftermath of the heat on him. "It fits." "Very well", Hannibal answered, chuckling. "But how about showering?" Will blushed. "God damn, you're right", he said, opening the suitcase again, grabbing some toiletries and his tooth brush.

"Don't rush", Hannibal told him. "There is still enough time until your flight leaves." He checked his watch. "You have three more hours left. And you're already checked in. Will

lingered at the threshold, his jaw dropping. “You booked me a flight?”

"Yes, I took the liberty."

Will gaped at him in bemusement. “How..did you know?” “I saw your plane ticket”, Hannibal admitted openly. “I know you’re headed to Washington but I could drive you home from the airport in Baltimore.” Will flushed red, opened his mouth a few times then closed it. “Oh...wow”, was all he got out.

Will knew he should be wary, but he was rather thankful for his pay check was three weeks away and flights were expensive as hell. Besides, he had an apartment to pay and other living costs. Tuition fees, books, food and suppressants were a heavy burden for his bank account. Two jobs were barely enough to cover it all and have some bits to save for his future.

”Well, thank you, I guess”, he managed to say and ruffled through his frizzled hair. “I don’t know how to make it up to you. You know I struggle with my fees and stuff.”

“I am perfectly aware of that. Don’t mention it”, Hannibal purred and reciprocated his smile, then stepped aside to let Will pass through the door.

Entering the luxurious bathroom, Will regretted Hannibal had refused to be with him during his Heat. He whistled as he analysed the room. The wall and floor were all white. All polished, shiny, white marble. The room was equipped with a huge bathtub as well as an equal vast walk-in shower. Maybe they could have fucked in the fancy tub or in the shower. What a shame.

Well, that was a missed opportunity. And he didn’t know that guy at all. Still, that strange yearning tugging at his heart was still there. Maybe he should bond with him. Will didn’t know. He needed time to think. For now he enjoyed feeling the heating in the floor warming his feet.

Will took the luxury all in with his eyes and senses. Hannibal had said there was no need to rush.It might be his last time in such a decadent hotel he would never be able to afford staying in. He strut to the shower, putting his clothes off and placing them on the toilet lid. He opened the glass door, walked in and stroked the cold marble tiles and the golden faucet in admiration before opening it.

The moment he opened it, hot water rushed over him and a relieved groan escaped his lips. In their shared bathroom, he would always have to wait a long time. The hot water warmed his sore muscles from the long stay in the bed and soon he felt reborn. While washing his body and hair, he pondered on his options. He would ask Bev for advice. Maybe she knew what to do. She had dealt with some bad relationships in her family before.

Yes, that would be a good idea. Bev was someone he could trust. Having finished the shower, Will stepped out, dried his body, got dressed and walked out into the vast living room area. His stomach rumbled - he remembered he was very hungry all of a sudden. “I’ve ordered some food for you”, Hannibal said, seated on the couch, focussed on his laptop, gesturing to the grand tray with food and drink.

"Entrecôte with baked potatoes, salad and mousse au chocolat for you. Nothing I would serve you at home but this will have to do."

"You didn't have to", Will gave back, rubbing his neck in embarrassment. Hannibal looked up from his laptop. "Nonsense. You only had appetizers and some snacks in the last days." He scrutinised Will with these haunting maroon eyes. "I am sorry. I would have provided you with decent meals but I couldn't approach you often."

Will gave him a curt nod, then sat down on the opposite side of of Hannibal and tuck in very greedily. It was very delicious. He had never eaten such a good steak to be honest. In between he gulped down a glass of orange juice and water. Hannibal, watching him eat with a little disdainful look, made a mental markt that he also needed to teach him some manners at the table.

Naughty boy.

"We haven't talked much since we got here", Hannibal began to converse. "But I'm curious about the nature of your travel." Finishing his portion of scrambled eggs and sausage, Will leaned back in the chair. "I visited my family", he said, his face shutting off a little, darkening at the memory of his father.

"Not so fond of your family?" Hannibal asked back with compassion and curiosity. Will bit on his lip and placed his fork down for a moment and looked through the window. He had already shared intimate moments with him, so why should he stop? "Well..my dad doesn't approve much of my second gender. He's drunk most of the time and sometimes not a very pleasant man." Will kept avoiding his gaze. "My mom's dead. He's the only one I have left, though and I have to look after him. "

Hannibal let that sink in and leaned forward and petted Will's hand. "I'm sorry to hear that." He chose to reveal something of himself to gain Will's trust even more. "I can relate to that very much as I grew up as an orphan as well. My parents were killed by soldiers long ago.There was a coup d'ètat in which we were driven out of our castle." Tears welled up in Will's eyes because of his empathy when he imagined it.

Noticing Will crying, Hannibal squeezed his hand to reassure him it was alright. "It's fine. I got over that a long time ago", he responded in a soft voice. He took in every detail of Will's reaction - his quivering and slight distress. This was interesting. Will had heightened senses of empathy which was fascinating and surely useful.

"No boundaries in your brain that are strong enough to shield you from the anguish of others ",he remarked. Will wiped the tears away, frowned and stared at Hannibal with icy eyes now. "Are you a psychiatrist?" "Yes", Hannibal replied, leaning back and withdrawing his hand. "I'm sorry. Observing is what I do."

"I will not do that again", he assured him. "I am just curious about omegan, alphan and human nature, that's all." Will scoffed. Inside his hopes shattered into pieces. His true mate was a fucking *psychiatrist.* His mind had been picked apart by school psychologists, specialists on omegan psychology and other doctors when attending the police academy when it was discovered he was an omega and not a beta.

“I have been interrogated by psychologists a lot of times. Everyone was always so damn curious and obsessed with my unusual empathy”, Will confessed, rolling his eyes.

Hannibal hummed in agreement. “I understand them but as I said. I will leave you alone and not psychoanalyse you any further.”

Another shy, but relieved smile crept on Will’s face.

“Finish your meal”, Hannibal prompted him in a commanding tone and placed the thin laptop on his lap again to work.

Will narrowed his eyes at the command but finished the rest of the meal and ate the dessert. A little moan escaped him as he ate the mousse au chocolat.

Hannibal wanted to say something but closed his mouth again when his phone vibrated. Checking the screen he read the reminder that they should leave for their flight. He brushed the wrinkles from his brown-red suit and checked his appearance in the mirror one last time, then turned to Will. “Shall we?”Will complied and carried his suitcase out of the room and checked if he had everything.

They didn’t converse much until they arrived at the airport. Before security check,Will used his scent and heat suppressants, as omegas had to, then embarked with Hannibal to the first class lounge. Hannibal watched him walking around in awe. He wanted Will to get a taste of it.

To get a taste of the things he could have if he stayed with Hannibal. He could have Will book a separate flight but where would the fun be? This omega was in need of a safe environment due to his instability. He needed him, too. Will would be his cure agains loneliness.

Will still felt a little overwhelmed by all the luxury. He lounged in an ergonomic, comfortable seat made of leather with enough space to stretch your legs. Most of all he noticed a completely different treatment of travellers in the first class.

Of course,they were professional and friendly in the economic class, too,but at the whole, money made a huge difference. Currently, Hannibal,seated next to him, was working on a paper.Will didn’t want to disturb him. He listened to music with the in-ear plugs he had received.

Occasionally, he couldn’t help but stare at Hannibal from the corners of his eyes, admiring his wonderful cheekbones, the maroon eyes, his thin lips. What Will loved most was his wonderful musky and earthy scent. When the crew cabin arrived to announce the landing was due and Hannibal put his laptop away, he caught Will looking. Will flushed deeply red and stared out of the window, admiring the breathtaking sight of the illuminated city and skyscrapers. Hannibal smiled, knowing which struggle went on in Will’s mind. It was only a matter of time.

Once they had landed, gone through the passport control and grabbed their luggage, they walked to the car park near the airport where Hannibal had parked his car. Will’s eyes grew

wide again when he saw the Bentley. Hannibal opened the door for Will like a gentleman.Will blushed

“Your address, please?”Hannibal turned on the seat heating, music and the navigation system. “Uhm..2109 F Street Residence Hall”, Will answered shyly. “You study at George Washington university”, Hannibal assessed calmly, flinging Will an appreciating look. “Good choice.”

Will’s cheeks grew hot again. “Ah..thanks.” The omega was nervous and stared at his hands. Just say something before it’s too late, he thought. You want him, why can’t you say it? Hannibal’s scent glands produced some soothing, sweet hormones. “You also worry a lot, do you?”

Will scoffed. “I just feel a little guilty.” Hannibal had to suppress a broad smirk. “And...some fellows disappeared from campus no one knows why but they were all omegas.” Will stared out of the window, watching the planes starting. “I just want to make the right decision.”

Hannibal hummed in agreement. “I’d never pull you out of university”, he assured Will. “I find that atrocious. Education is important.” Will’s face brightened up. “You would let me finish my master degree?” “Of course”, Hannibal replied. “I want a smart omega I can be proud of.”

“That’s good”, Will replied, his heart racing .He still didn’t say anything. Maybe the alpha just charmed him before doing the exact opposite, step by step. He had become distrustful of people. Hannibal’s car came to a halt in front of a massive building with a brick-walled front.

Hannibal parked his car at the right side of the street. Having unfastened the seat belt, he broke the thick, tense silence, grabbed a black business card from his pocket and wrote his address on the back of it, then handed it to Will who was about to get out.

“I would be pleased to hear from you. But please take the time you need.” He squeezed his hand. Will swallowed the lump forming in his throat.He accepted the card and put it into the back pocket of his jeans. “I will”, Will said, smiling. “Thanks for everything. You saved me.”

“As I said before”, Hannibal purred, when they got out and fetched Will’s suitcase from the luggage department. “I am glad to help an omega in need.”When Hannibal wanted to carry it to the entrance, Will refused. “No..it’s okay”, Will said, taking it out of his hands.

“You’ve done enough for me. I manage the little walk on my own, thanks”, Will said and gave him a wide charming smile. Hannibal scrutinised him. “Then my work here is done.” Before Will knew what he was doing, he dropped the luggage, pulled Hannibal into his arms and gave him a smacking kiss on his lips.

Shocked at what he had done, Will pulled away again, ran to his suitcase and jogged to the house without looking back. Hannibal closed his eyes, trying to remember the feeling of Will’s lips on his. “See you soon”, he mumbled, smirking, watching Will disappearing into the house.

He was confident that Will would come back sooner later to accept his proposal. And he knew his address now. Will was a little naive. Hannibal turned his back on the building and walked to his Bentley to drive home.

Apologies and Shower Fun

Chapter Summary

> Will has some conversations with Beverly, Jimmy, and Brian and then has some fun in the shower in which he gets visited by Hannibal through the bond again who joins him for some moments.

“Ah, look, who finally shows up again”, Bev said with a wide impish grin, after opening the heavy front door to their shared flat, holding a red coke can in the other. Will pushed inside, with a panted “Hi” but avoiding her gaze. His face was flushed red and sweaty from walking up the stairs to the fifth floor with his suitcase. Luckily Bev was a beta, or she would have gone feral at the pheromones coming through now that blocker wore off. Betas were less scent sensitive than alphas and omegas and less easy to manipulate.

He placed the luggage down and grunted in relief then took a small break to catch his breath before pulling his flatmate into a loose hug. “Bev...I am so sorry”, he told her, still panting, cursing his bad stamina, wondering if it was the lack of nutrients and minerals that his body lost in the heats “I wanted to be back sooner. “I know”, she replied, her voice more serious now, her dark brown eyes impenetrable.

“You know, we were just about to go to the police and report you missing. Hearing this news and her worried tone, his stomach tightened uncomfortably and his mouth went dry. Guilt overwhelmed him. The beta placed her hand on his shoulder in reassurance and when he opened his mouth to speak. “It’s alright. You told us just in time. Come and settle down, you need to rest a little. Coke‘s in the fridge. You can have one.“

An ice cold coke didn’t come unwanted. He felt as if he had run a marathon.

“Thanks. I will. And what about the paper..?” Will asked in a hoarse voice. “Did you-?” Yes; we handed in the paper”, she replied, her eyes slightly reproachful. “Next thing to do is the presentation based on our paper next week and the case analysis the week after. You can make up for your absence then. Will huffed a breath in relief. “Thank you.”

“It’s alright.”

She shot him an amused and curious sideways glance.“But we need to talk about that alpha that brought you here in that fancy car and kissed you goodbye ”, Bev whispered into his ear with a wink as he walked from the anteroom to his flat. Will smiled awkwardly. “We will”, his mouth formed, before opening the door and retreating into his sanctuary. Bev walked into the living room to join the other betas and wind down watching Netflix.

Will was a little disappointed when he entered his room as he had been spoiled by the alpha and heaved a sigh. Back to the basic life of the poor student for now. No lavish bathroom with marble. No fancy bed with the most comfortable mattress he had ever slept on. He shrugged. Maybe not for long if he did it right.

His room was small, as all the student flats of the accommodation and crammed with stuff - books and necessary furniture. The wall was white as painting it was not allowed. Will couldn't be bothered anyway to paint it. Instead, he had decorated it with some pictures of Bev, Jimmy, Brian, and himself though. On some, they were drunk, on others they weren't. Will was always in the back or at the side, though.

Other, slightly faded pictures, some black and white and some colored in sepia brown, showed his dad and him standing in front of a boat with a huge fish in their hands. Another picture showed his mum who had his curly hair and blue-green eyes. In this picture he was a small kid, playing indoors with some old toys and her sitting beside him.

A small bed, in comparison to the king-size bed, was shoved to the right side of the room. The duvet and sheets were left in quite a messy state. He rarely bothered to tidy up.

There was a small dark wooden wardrobe to the right and an old wooden desk near the window with a nice view on the street and a rather uncomfortable- looking wooden chair. But he couldn't afford to buy better furniture so this would have to do.

Opening the suitcase, the first thing he noticed was the used sex toys, the pink fake knot, butt plugs, and the condoms lying on top of the neatly folded clothes wrapped in the original package that cake with it. He was pretty sure he hadn't packed them in. Frowning he placed them on the bed behind him and picked up the small paper note with the neat handwriting that fell out of the case.

"*You left the toys on the bed. I assumed you would probably need them again. It would be a shame not to. I folded the clothes for you. You need to learn how to fold your clothes more effectively- it will spare you a lot of time. "*

- Hannibal-

He blushed reading the note and a fresh gush of slick ran down his thighs when he heard his smooth, enticing voice while reading. Closing his eyes, he led the piece of paper to his nose and scented it. It smelled unmistakably of Hannibal and his delicious cologne. A rather heavy earth scent but he loved it. He rubbed it against his scent glands.

Afterward, he headed into their kitchen and opened the fridge to grab a coke, too. The kitchen smelled of popcorn. Apparently, they had made some. He opened it, then headed into the living room to apologize to Brian and Jimmy As well. The two betas sat on the couch, eating popcorn, and watching something on Netflix. They bickered about the quality of the action movie ("This is boring and makes absolutely no sense. There's no tension!" "You wanted to watch this, you idiot"). Bev sat next to them and rolled her eyes ("Then choose something else, for fuck's sake."). They fell instantly silent when Will walked in and their jaws dropped. Popcorn fell out of the bowl to the floor. Will tensed you a little as he noticed the changed demeanor.

“Hey”, Will greeted Brian and Jimmy.“Hey buddy”, they called back at the same time.“Thank god you’re back, I thought, you had gone missing just like the other omegas”, Jimmy murmured while chewing on popcorn. Will sat down on the old, black armchair next to the couch, trying not to think of how lucky he had been.

“Well, I’m back”, Will said awkwardly, making a dent in the half-empty cold can with his tense grip. He slowly walked over to the shoddy armchair whose cushion had some holes already.

“I cleaned the kitchen and living room this week for you”, Brian told him, shooting him a little reproachful look. “Thank you”, Will said, meaning it. “I’m going to make it up to you.”

Brian accepted that with a curt nod, still a little pissed because of the additional work. “Really, I’m sorry, guys”, Will assured them again. “I didn’t want this to happen.”

Jimmy smiled and leaned forward and shoved the bowl over to him. “It’s your nature, don’t worry, buddy. “We’re not mad. Finishing the paper wasn’t a problem. “ Jimmy and Bev shot Brian a warning look as he wanted to open his mouth in annoyance.“No, it’s really okay, dude”, Brian said, relenting. His partner squeezed his thighs to thank him.

“So how come you’re here and not with your new rich sugar daddy alpha?” Brian asked in a mocking tone, furrowing his eyebrows and putting the movie on hold with the remote.

Will shot him an icy look and suppressed an angry growl. “He’s not my alpha”, he said. “I am not mated and going to study as planned.“

Not mated yet.

Jimmy raised his eyebrows in confusion. “That’s curious. Why didn’t claim he you?”

The omega agreed and nodded. Yearning welled up inside him as he remembered the short time they spent together. He missed the alpha already. What would Hannibal be doing right now? Would he look for other willing omegas to pamper?

“Yeah that was strange...he just brought me to a fancy hotel, said, he couldn’t mate with me under these circumstances as it would be not consensual and bought me some sex toys. And he paid me my missed flight and the suite.”

“Which hotel?” Bev interfered, smirking, then grabbed a handful of popcorn from the bowl on the table as things got interesting.

“Ritz-Carlton, I think”, Will said, tugging at his curls, then taking another sip of the coke.

Jimmy and Brian just looked at each other. Brian let out a whistle, then reached for another handful of popcorn.

“Seems like he is definitely a decent and stinking rich alpha”, Brian remarked a little jokingly.

“If I were you, I’d hook with him and have a nice life. Why bother with all the stressful stuff when you didn’t like working in homicide anyway? And you have the looks to make the alpha pay you good money. Milk him like a cow!”

“Brian”, Bev scolded him and glaring daggers at him. “That’s so rude and not funny. Besides, didn’t you learn anything in Abnormal Psychology lecture about manipulators and narcissists and unhealthy power dynamics?”

She turned to Will again with an apologetic look. Her eyes, that had sparkled in anger, softened.

“Don’t listen to him.”

Brian boxed Bev lightly and playfully into her waist, but she ignored it. Yet there was a palpable tension in the air between them, which Jimmy acknowledged with a raised eyebrow.

“If you want my advice, go and meet him for another date but take it slow. And if he does want to rush, dump him”, she advised. “I can accompany you to the date and watch what he’ll do.”

“That’s what I was going to do anyway. I’m not going to be pulled out of university just to get babies and a needy omega”, he stated.

“Thanks, Bev for the offer though.”

“Anytime”, she answered with an understanding smile. “I’m not an omega and don’t know how it feels like but your friend and worried about you. I want you to be safe.”

Will was really glad to have her as a loyal friend. His limbs felt like lead and a yawn escaped him. The heat had left him exhausted and Will definitely needed some sleep again.

After finishing up his coke, he stood up and gave Bev and Jimmy a fond look, ignoring Brian who had been a jerk tonight. Despite the work he had done for him, Will didn’t want to thank him for a second time. Once was already enough.

“Have fun with the movie. I’m tired. Good night.”

Will strolled back to his room and checked his phone. Some more calls and messages flashed up on the damaged screen. Some old from Bev, Jimmy, and Brian but mostly from Nigel, his boss at the café he was working for. He sighed at the prospect of dealing with his probably angry boss who surely would fire him. He dialed his number and waited a bit until a rough voice answered the phone. “Nigel Ibanescu here, who’s there?”

“It’s Will”, Will murmured through gritted teeth and prepared for Nigel’s rant which came almost instantly.

“Fuck, Will. Where have you been? You left us hanging for a fuckin’ week. We were relying on you...Fuckin’ disappointment..”

The alpha was furious about the fact he didn't show up in the Spacedogs Cafe in the last few days. Totally understandable but also slightly exaggerated.

"You're fired. ", Nigel finally yelled into the phone. In the background someone else spoke, sounding similar to him. It was Adam, his boyfriend. "Hey, don't be mean to Will. I like him. If you do that I'll be very angry."

"Sorry, gorgeous but he didn't show up ."

"I don't care. He's nice and helped us a lot. Don't forget that!"

Will smiled slightly when Adam defended him in front of his boss even though he gave his best to ignore the smacking kisses and sighs through the phone. With bated breath, he waited for his boss to make a decision but the was already expecting the worst and to look for another student job. Nigel cleared his throat.

"I guess you're not fired", he said in a calmer tone, submitting to his omega. "But I will if you waste the second chance."

"Nigel. Come to bed now!"

"Coming, darling.."

Will cringed again but the tension left his muscles. The phone call ended without Nigel saying goodbye and Will prepared himself for bed. He went to the tiny bathroom they all used and pulled up the door and locked it behind him. He waited for the warm water to come out when he opened the faucet. It took a while but it only grew tepid as someone had showered before. While getting accustomed to the temperature, he imagined how Hannibal took care and masturbated to the thought of the alpha mounting and fucking him into oblivion until he begged to stop.

"Fuck yeah, Daddy...fuck me harder", he gasped, his eyes turning silver again.

He winced when he perceived that luring voice of the alpha in his head as if he was here. "Oh, yes, I will', Hannibal purred. Will'eyes widened. He stopped getting off, looking around in bewilderment. In this shower, there was no one. There couldn't be. But he swore it was not his vivid imagination. His omega senses told him, it was his true mate watching him from afar. He closed his eyes and focussed until he saw Hannibal lying in his bed. Hannibal noticed him, for he smiled and touched himself as well. One hand had slipped beneath his shiny, silver pajama pants.

"What the....?"

Hannibal chuckled. The chuckle echoed in Will's ears as if he wore earplugs and listening to music or a podcast.

"This is weird. Why do we have a connection even though we're not bonded yet?"

"I find it curious as well."

“Don’t you know any shame at all?.”

“I have already seen you naked and during your most vulnerable moments…”

Will rolled his eyes but understood he was right. “Alright.”

Hannibal’s maroon eyes flashed up in a dark crimson red and he licked his lips.

“Go on, my boy. Pleasure yourself for Daddy.”

Will leaned back against the white tiles, tarted to stroke himself again while the hot water rippled down his body and inserted the first one then two fingers inside him, drawing out the pleasure.

“Imagine it was my big, thick cock fucking you”, Hannibal whispered. “Imagine being filled with my seed and giving me wonderful babies, my omega.”

White spots danced in front of Will’s vision and pleasure rolled through the mental connection. He fucked himself harder and harder. Hannibal growled as well as he experienced the same ecstasy that flowed through Will. Will moved his hand faster, occasionally playing with his balls and thrusting hard against his prostate.

“Now cum for me...cum for your Daddy.”

Will groaned and bit on his lips to silence himself as someone approached the bathroom. Outside, the person cleared his throat, making Will freeze in embarrassment when he realized it was Jimmy.

“Are you done in there, Will?” Jimmy asked, a little impatient, but not without an amused and joking tone.

Will winced and quickly wiped away the stripes of cum from the walls and rinsed everything clean.

“Give me five minutes”, he called. “Sorry.”

“Goodnight”, he told his true mate.

“Sleep well”, Hannibal replied, smirking at seeing Will being so embarrassed. “Good luck with your studies.”

The connection broke and Will was on his own again.

Regretting the interruption, Will stopped and quickly cleaned the shower, wrapping a towel around his body, before darting out and avoiding to look at Jimmy who waited in a safe distance. Slamming the door shut behind him, he got dressed, and climbed into bed, glad he still had his job at the cafe. The next fire to extinguish was his unannounced absence at Chilton’s office. Let’s see. what Chilton, his boss he worked for as assistant at uni would say. He had not come to work only once at the office for some days but who knew how he would react? Chilton was an alpha and for now, Will had been able to hide it. But how long? He

would surely have found out by now after missing twice at the approximately same time of the month. Working together would become dangerous.

He put his phone on the old nightstand, flicked off the light, and laid down on his mattress which felt now too uncomfortable and way too worn out for his taste. His thoughts drifted back to the good-looking, caring alpha with the exotic, musky scent and the enthralling voice similar to Nigel's - only with an accent he couldn't place but he found incredibly sensual.

Will closed his eyes, hoping to get some other nice wet dreams starring Hannibal, for the next days we're going to be horribly busy and crammed with tasks to extinguish the hellish fire caused by his absence before he could even think of meeting Hannibal again.

And he saw him again through the same grey, blurred veil he had seen in the hotel and now back at home in the shower . Will smiled at the sight of the alpha reading in his bed but didn't say anything to not disturb him. His mind had already made the decision for him. Will inhaled deeply then focussed on the tasks to do in his mind. After the week, nothing would stop him from going back to meet him.

A Disastrous Week

Chapter Summary

Will's week sucks. He has to deal with his rather sexist professor Chilton who found out he’s an omega and harasses him. Will also wrecks orders at the Spacedogs cafe. On a Thursday evening, Will has enough and gets ready for Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

Warning:

Sexism and sexual harassment in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Indeed, the next week was truly not Will’s best so far. It started with showing up at Chilton’s office to catch up on his work on his lecture-free day and make up for his absence. Professor Chilton was their professor of Abnormal Psychology and Will had applied for this position a while ago. Others had told him not to work at his office as the professor was not easy to cooperate with and loved to burn out his protegés. Most of the time it had been bearable as Chilton had assumed he was a beta and was impressed by his talent as well. If he knew, it really wasn’t going to be easy anymore.

Will inhaled to calm himself down before knocking at the grey office door. “Come on in”, Chilton called. He pushed the door handle down, opened the door and entered the room very slowly as if he expected the professor to lunge at him and mate him in this instant. No, don’t show you’re scared, Will thought. Chilton sat in front of his Macintosh, his legs crossed over another, a common Alpha pose, and leaning back comfortably against his black leather armchair. He had this disgusting knowing smirk on his face. Will wanted to run but he couldn’t back away.

“Good morning, Will”, the professor greeted him in his smug voice, his brown eyes flickering eagerly over his body, emitting a quiet, pleased growl. “It’s good to see you fully recovered from your *heat* .” Will stiffened. His heart pounded against his rib cage. Fuck. “It’s interesting you’re an omega and have made it into this position, but I should have seen the signs when you were saying you had the “flu”.

“I’m sorry “, Will said, but didn’t lower his head in submission but kept his gaze steady. “That won’t happen again. I..I will work harder and longer and make it up to you.

Chilton's eyebrows shot up. He cackled at Will's answer. "Oh, I'm sure you will make it up", he said airily, clearly insinuating something else.

Will curled his hands into fists and suppressed a snarl. For a moment he saw himself beating up Chilton just like his dad did to one drunk at a bar. But he was an omega and physically weaker. Such was the physiology of an omega.

The tension was thick and Will wondered if he should tell him he'd resign and find him another assistant who would do all the work for him as anger at the treatment coiled up. But he didn't. He needed to keep this job was it would be good for his CV and the payment was not bad either. Besides, the future with Hannibal wasn't secure yet. He ignored the innuendo and asked. "What can I do for you today?"

A little bit displeased at the lack of submission, Chilton eyed him with a cool gaze but stood up "I need you to transcribe some interviews", he said calmly, handing him the recording stick. "And then to look up some articles from the books and articles on the list and look for matching quotes concerning the topics listed on here. " He gave him a list with the sources and the topic.

He smirked again. "And provide me with some coffee now, would you? An omega loves to nurture after all."

At this treatment, Will buried his nails into his jeans again but nodded and turned to leave, heading for his own desk in the other room which was connected to the office, where he could roam freely.There he took a deep breath and placed his stuff on the floor next to the chair. Later, Will brought Chilton his coffee and cake but felt humiliated when Chilton gave him a slimy grin. The professor pinched his ass as he turned his back on him which made Will fume with anger but he pretended it didn't happen and left quickly.

Luckily, Chilton had a busy day filled with lectures, meetings, and phone calls and didn't have much time to harass him further. Someone called him for advice on the current Chesapeake Ripper case, then the dean came in and distracted Chilton with important conversations, taking quite a lot of his time.

Will was glad he had survived this day despite the harassment. He told Chilton he had finished nearly all of his tasks, except for the interviews and that he had sent him the doc with the summaries and quotes of the articles he had requested.

"You're sure you don't want to go out for dinner with me?" Chilton asked with a subtle purr. A hungry, red glow appeared in his dark eyes. "No, thanks", Will snapped, put his jacket on, and left the room quickly, his heart pounding fast. He needed to find another professor. Of course, he could tell the dean about the unprofessional behavior but then again the dean was an alpha, too and Will didn't know how serious he would take it.He would have to find an alternative.

Will hurried out of the campus to catch the bus home.

This night he didn't connect with Hannibal through the veil, although he would have liked to.

The next day passed without anything special in particular. Lectures came and passed and he worked with Bev, Jimmy, and Brian on their upcoming presentation as promised. Their chatter and banter was lost on him though and he felt as if he was a million light-years away from them. Occasionally, he nodded and smiled when Beverly asked him for his support when Brian teased her, but Will didn't really get involved and focused on the task ahead. And his thoughts wandered off to Hannibal once more, but once again, he didn't hear anything from his mate. Sighing he fought himself through the day, doing more harm than good to their presentation.

"Not coming with us?" Bev asked when he broke loose from the group to take another bus on the opposite side."No, I have to work", Will said with a faint smile and waved her goodbye.

Will got out of the bus stop and walked up to the cafe. It was a lovely, cozy cafe situated in a building at the corner of a street. A dog wearing a white astronaut suit and helmet, holding a cup of coffee in his hand, sitting on a chair in front of a brown round table had been painted on the windows. Above the dog, the name *Spacedogs* was written on the window in brown, italic with a faint white background beneath the letters. It was popular among students. A peek through the windows sufficed to prove that although it had opened maybe half an hour ago.

He pushed the old, brown door which creaked and offered him resistance. It urgently needed some maintenance but that was not his job. Shallow, modern pop music played quietly in the background. Some people were already seated at the tables and loud chatter filled the room. Adam was sensitive to smoke, like him, so no smoke wafted through the cafe at all times. There was no flamboyant light either.

Adam welcomed him with a smile, waving from the back. He worked in the back of the kitchen to prepare food as he always felt overwhelmed when catering to people. Will smiled at him, then greeted Nigel who eyed with cool maroon eyes. Will flinched. Nigel and Hannibal looked very similar. Only Nigel was dressed in scruffy clothes and had a tattoo on his throat.

"Is there something on my face", he growled as Will stared at him with widened eyes, his maroon eyes flashing up in anger. "Get to work, you know what to do."

Will nodded, placed his bag with his laptop and books in another room reserved for waiters, and resumed his work. His colleague had apparently taken a day off and so he was on his own with Nigel. He tried to function through the evening like a robot.

His customers in the cafe also suffered from Will's inability to concentrate on simple tasks such as serving an impatient customer a hot chocolate with cream. As his mind was totally filled with thoughts about Hannibal, he let the mug with the chocolate fall to the ground, making a mess of the customer who was crying out in pain. "I'm..so..sorry", Will stammered, totally embarrassed. Nigel, cursing under his breath, came to his help and helped him clean up the floor and apologized to the angry beta. "Of course you don't have to pay", Nigel told the man as kindly as he could. "Please send your cleaning bill to us." He also brought him into the bathroom, making sure he didn't have any burns or bruises. When the customer had

been appeased and the situation saved, Will apologized to Nigel and Adam and hoped it would get better. But it didn't.

On Thursday, Will had a particularly bad day.

"Then come up with better answers if you don't like mine", he yelled at Beverly, Brian, and Jimmy who dismissed his ideas on the case they had to analyze for Dr. Heimlich. He packed up his stuff and left the campus, bursting with anger, occasionally jostling into other people.

At the cafe, Will made a particular mess and lots of mistakes..He struggled with the orders, let some of them fall to the ground, making people leave and yell at him. But he didn't bother, he was so done. When he was about to leave at 7 pm, Nigel pulled him aside with an angry look. Will swallowed, knowing what would come. But inside he didn't care anymore. He wanted to be with his alpha and not here. Fuck everything. "Sorry, but you messed up."

Will bit on his lips. "That won't happen again. I was distracted." "This happened a few times too much", Nigel growled."I agree", Adam peeped up from behind, as he washed the dishes. "You didn't do a good job tonight. It was horrible. I am actually sorry I defended you last week.

"Fine", Will snapped, his eyes flashing silver in anger, throwing the tray, his apron and his keys on the table before Nigel. "I quit." Grabbing his bag, he stormed out of the cafe before Nigel or Adam could hold him back and headed to the bus stop. Back in Baltimore, Hannibal was irritated at the anger rushing through his body, causing him to ruin a drawing of Will Graham lying in the bed of the airport hotel.

Hannibal put his pencil aside. It was curious that Will evoked such feelings in him even though they weren't bonded yet. His cock hardened in his pants, making his suit slacks uncomfortably tight. Hannibal had to grip the table in front of him. The anger welling up inside of him triggered the rut that was overdue anyway and he retreated to his bedroom.

Will didn't even realize how he got home. He had enough of this bullshit and stress. He needed to be with his alpha. At this moment he didn't even care about his career anymore. Even Bev, Jimmy, and Brian surely had enough of his bad performance.

Once he got out of the elevator and pushed open the door to their dorm, Will made a decision. He needed to see Hannibal tonight. Maybe he wouldn't come back. Something was off anyway and he suspected that Hannibal was maybe in rut.

"Hey", Bev greeted him with crossed arms. "Can we talk about today? "But he brushed past her without a word and slammed the door shut. From the wardrobe, he fetched his best shirt he had, the navy blue one, his black slacks, and some lace lingerie he had bought some days ago. It was striking blue, too.

After getting refreshed, he let the towel drop to the floor and stood in front of his mirror, then slipped into his new flamboyant blue lace top and panty he had bought some days ago in an omega lingerie store. The color of the set matched his eyes perfectly, just as the lady in the shop had said. Hannibal would surely like it. His bank account screamed, but well

He admired his body in the mirror and felt a lot better as he posed in a very seductive way, letting his hips roll slowly, his hands ghosting over the lavish fabric of the top and his nipples before ghosting down to his ass in the translucent, tight blue panty. Oh yes. Get your sugar daddy alpha.

The last piece of the omegan armor to put on were the matching tights. With easy and gentle hands he pulled them on, careful not to damage the fabric. The fabric, new and unfortunately unwashed, itched a little on his skin but Will didn't bother. He put on his black slacks, his navy blue shirt, and took care of his stubble and curls. Then he packed an overnight bag with his birth control pills, another shirt, a boxer shorts and a grey shirt.

A last checking glance in the mirror. Will smiled, feeling ready for a night or a weekend with his alpha and new sugar daddy. He smiled at his mirror image, something he had rarely done as of late. Will grabbed his light jacket, the black bag, flicked off the light, and locked his door.

He was just about to walk out of the door, grabbing the handle and pulling it open, when a voice made him stop. It was Beverly. She crossed her arms on her chest, eyes glinting up in anger. "Do you just want to slip off like that without even telling what's wrong with you?" She asked, a little reproachful. "What do you mean?" He asked, frowning."If you mean today, I'm sorry. I was just a bit stressed."

"Not only that. I've also noticed you have shut off from all of us." Her glinting, ebony eyes pierced him. "I think we deserve to know if you come back or if you..leave us for you Alpha." "Of course, I want to", Will said in a loud voice. "I told you, stress at work got to me."

"But you also thought about him all the day during the lectures, during group work, didn't you?" She asked, her voice growing softer. "Yes", Will said, his voice cracking. "I dream of him..I think of him all day." He exhaled sharply. "This might be the only way to stop this."

She raised her eyebrows. "You could have told me before you're going to date him. Because should know what happened to my sister." He swallowed, dread welling up inside him. Her sister, an omega, had disappeared after meeting with an alpha. Until that day she was missing. Bev stepped closer and tugged at his collar. "Promise me something, Will", she purred, her eyes softer now.

"Yeah?" He asked. "You're going to keep talking to me and not breaking off contact." Bev placed a hand on his shoulder. "I want you to be safe." He nodded. "If you notice anything fishy, tell me and send me a message please." She stepped back."I promise", Will told her. "It was not okay how I acted."

A wide grin appeared on her face and her dark eyes gleamed with joy. "Apology accepted", she replied. "When will you be back?" Will shrugged. "Possibly tomorrow or Sunday evening." She nodded. "Sunday then, as I know you. We will take care of our flat. But it's the last time, Will!"

"Thanks, Bev", Will replied, being thoroughly relieved. "You are the best friend I could ever have." "No worries. And now go!" He laughed then turned around and got into the elevator.

Downstairs he waited in front of the building for his Uber taxi. That move was expensive and reckless as his bank account was already at its limit, but he took the risk willingly. He had a hunch that Hannibal wouldn’t send him away tonight.

Chapter End Notes

Next two chapter follow in the coming week. Need a short break.

Mating

Chapter Summary

Will takes an Uber to Hannibal's home. Hannibal is reluctant to let the omega in at first as he is in rut but he can't resist and so the inevitable has to happen. They bond.

Chapter Notes

I said I prepared seven chapters. But now I merged them together into a larger one.

Enjoy!

The Uber, a black BMW limousine, pulled up some metres away from Will in the lane of the bus stop nearby and he ran up to not let the driver wait for too long. It was a nice car but nothing against the Bentley of Hannibal, of course. Plus, he had to pay 70 dollars in comparison to last time. Will had checked before when booking the Uber, it was an hour ride to Baltimore and with the traffic it would certainly take a bit longer. Will felt his insides twist and turn. There was no going back now. Everything was paid and his bank account basically screamed in agony.

The driver, a young man with black, short hair and blue-green eyes greeted him with a polite smile but wasn't one of the most chattiest out there. He seemed to be a beta, Will didn't smell alpha pheromones on him, luckily. When Will got in and they drove away he only asked him for the exact address and what kind of music he liked to listen to. Will was glad he focussed on getting him safely to his destination without forcing further annoying conversations on him or any kind of flirtation. But the awkward silence didn't help ease his worries. A lot of thoughts raced through his brain.Was this the right thing? Shouldn't he have called Hannibal before he decided to go and take up his offer? What if the promise in the car had been a lie? What if the driver abducted him..?

Trying to distract himself from his negative thoughts and catastrophic scenario, Will forced himself back to the present and to listen to the relaxing 70s song played in the radio. The song was a catchy one and called Sugar, Sugar by The Archies. Even the driver whistled to it and beat the steering wheel with his hands following the rhythm. Will stared out of the window, watching the skyscrapers, the shops and crowded area of Washington fly by. After that song, other upbeat old songs followed but Will zoned out.

His thoughts kept coming back though. Hopefully everything went alright and he didn't have to call or alert Bev. She was right. His behaviour had almost been too smooth, too friendly

for his taste and he had sensed that there was something lurking beneath his mask. Something darker. Well, the only way to find out which game he played was to get to know him.. And it was not that he didn't have any secrets on his own. Will was so immersed in his thoughts for a while , the hour passed by fast. He jerked as the car halted abruptly.

"Hey", the driver called,, tilting his head over his shoulder, letting out a little growl. He was an alpha after all. Will quickly unfastened his seat belt in a rush and opened the door, just in case the driver considered abducting him. "Oh", he uttered, blushing heavily. "Thanks."

"Have a good night", the driver said with a grin, his cool blue-green eyes fixing Will hungrily. "You've chosen a nice rich alpha", he remarked, pointing to the impressive two-tier mansion with the marble statues in front of the door. "Jackpot."

"If you're bored with the old man, my name is Matthew Brown and I live in Elm Street 8, Punch,West Virginia. I could also give you my number."

Will smiled politely. "Thanks but I'm not interested." What a fuckin' creep, he thought as he felt the piercing, ravenous stare of Matthew on him. He slammed the door shut and walked swiftly away from him.

The Uber turned around, engine roaring as the driver sped up, the wheels screeching. Will looked and watched how it got lost in the night that had set in, then strolled towards the massive black gothic gate, blocking intruders from entering. He tried to open it but it wouldn't budge. Well, fuck. He was stuck here now, couldn't afford a ride back.

Looking around, he noticed the doorbell and the speaker mounted on a silver metal plate on a white marble pillar next to the gate. Will pressed it and waited nervously, his body trembling a little. Finally a crackling noise dame out of the speaker. "Hello Will", a cool, smooth voice finally spoke. A weight fell off his chest when he recognised the soothing voice of the alpha.

Hannibal peeked through the heavy curtain of his bedroom, seeing a black car pulling up in front of his drive. A BMV, probably an Uber car. It must be Will. He grimaced and let out a snarl as the urge to ravage the omega overcame him. No, this was not a good idea to invite him in.

Omega mine. I want to have and breed you until you beg me to stop.

Hannibal fought against it,curling his hand into a fist. No, this wasn't a good moment. He wanted to negotiate their relationship before mating him. Yet he couldn't resist his urges and the pulsating aura of the omega.

Before long he managed to suppress the wild urge although it made his legs wobbly and nearly fall down the stairs. He reached the speaker and door opener in the anteroom and pressed it just to to hear Will's nervous "Hello" crackling through the speaker.

"Hello Will", Hannibal panted. "I am afraid it is not a good moment. My rut is coming and it would be horrible for you. I'm sorry to send you away again but I'll cover the costs of the Uber." He really was sorry. His omega, his true mate was standing outside, needing protection.

Will's body reacted to it as well. Slick formed in his pants, soaking the tight blue lace pantie and his slacks. *Alpha. My alpha. My alpha needs me. Fuck me* alpha. For a moment he felt drawn back to the surprise heat at the airport. No, not again. Not without Hannibal.

"Thanks for the offer but I'm not leaving", Will purred into the speaker. "Let me help you. I want to be with you. Let me in." There was no response at first. "Hannibal, please." The last words were spoken with the softest and charming purr he could give.

The wait stretched out too long for Will's taste. He was about to give up and walk away in disappointment when Hannibal reacted and the speaker crackled again. Hannibal had hesitated first, knowing how bad his ruts could be with his violence, but the yearning for Will gained the upper hand in the end.

Hannibal sighed. "Come on in", he breathed through the speaker. Shortly after that, the black gate opened with a click. Will pushed it open. Having no mind for the beautiful hedges and the marble statues positioned in rows, he ran along the path without looking, then up the stairs to the door, which now opened, too.

Will whined in pleasure when Hannibal appeared at the threshold. Hannibal's eyes were of a flashing, angry crimson red and fixed at him. A vicious, guttural growl escaped the alpha when Will stepped into the anteroom.

Will's own eyes turned to bright silver when he scented the heavy rutting pheromones. "Alpha", he moaned and flung himself into Hannibal's arms, burying his face in his neck. Will rubbed his cheek against the nape of his neck.

"I don't think it was wise for you to come here tonight", Hannibal said with a snarl, slamming the door shut then shoved Will against the wall, finally groping him everywhere in a very possessive way. His hands wandered down his spine to his ass cheeks, pinching them while kissing the air out of him. These soft, lush lips were very kissable. He had missed the taste of them after the first, short kiss.

Will pulled back from the ferocious attack on his mouth for a moment. "Why is that?", Will countered, panting. He whined as Hannibal's fingers slid down beneath the waistband of his black slacks and touched his lace panties, making even more slick ripple out of them

"Because I won't let you go soon", Hannibal growled, nuzzling in Will's neck. "I will ravage you." "Will gasped as a new rivulet of slick rippled down his thighs. "Yes..yes", he breathed. He fiddled eagerly at Hannibal's waistcoat and struggled a wee bit before tearing it off. " You wear way too many layers", Will snarled. "Shouldn't we -,", another kiss and moan as Hannibal rubbed his bulge against Will's clothed erection, "-go to your bedroom, daddy?"

Hannibal's eyes lightened up and he gave him another growl. Will cried out in surprise as the alpha lifted him off his feet and carried him up the stairs to the master bedroom.

Despite the weight in his arms, Hannibal walked up the stairs quite quickly. In order to open the door, he placed Will down for a moment before nudging the omega into the room and to the lavish king-sized bed in the middle of the room Sprawled out on the dark green sheet, Will admired the bedroom for a moment.It was moodier than the one at the hotel whose

ambiance had been light and friendly. The dark brown wooden boards plastered to the wall gave the room some gothic vibes. Above the bed hung a historic painting showing some Greek gods feasting and having younglings sitting on their laps. Will licked his lips at the sight, then shifted his gaze back to the alpha getting undressed.

Hannibal soon stepped out of his suit,his eyes ever fixed greedily on Will before climbing on the bed and pushing the omega down into the middle, yanking off his pastel blue shirt and the black slacks. Will's breath hitched when his eyes landed on the sculpted pectorals, the broad chest with the greyish chest hair and his huge pink, bulging, dick . More sweet slick drenched his delicious panties at the sight of the impressive Alpha cock.

Another growl followed as his eyes took in the striking dark blue lingerie on Will's body. The omega posed lasciviously on the bed like a model, occasionally flipping his position on the bed. "Like what you see on the bed, alpha?" He panted, grinding obscenely against the mattress.

Hannibal kept on growling like a wild beast at the sight of the omega posing for him in lingerie. The sweet scent of Will's slick drove him crazy as well. Instead of responding he traced every inch of the fabric before roaming to his abdomen. "Mine", he muttered in between, "That's all mine now."

Will groaned as Hannibal pulled the panties down along with the tights until Will was fully exposed. His slick now drenched the bed sheets beneath him. "Please, alpha", Will pleaded and was silenced with another violent kiss, when Hannibal clambered back up and pressed him down into the sheets again and spread Will's legs with a little application of force.

The mating grew somewhat more violent as the last remainders of his control over his rut slipped out of his hands. His eyes glowing deeply red, Hannibal bit into his soft skin of his body with his sharp fangs, leaving bite marks and small bruises everywhere, except for the thicker, flushed skin on Will's neck which he left alone. Some things should be saved for last.

Will noticed the increased intensity, the skipping of tender foreplay but he decided to bear the biting, the rough handling and succumbed to his own primal omega instincts. He offered himself to Hannibal and didn't put up any resistance. The only thing mattered to him right now - to be one with his alpha and to get the knot. He was euphoric.

Feeling his legs being spread open, Will's chest rumbled with a loud purr. He pulled Hannibal on him to feel his body heat and to be as close as possible. When Hannibal's thick cock breached in and speared him, he gasped.

Pain mingled with pleasure, but at some point, when Hannibal had entered him, joy and satisfaction bubbled up inside him as Hannibal began to move inside and fucked him raw, making the bed frame creak beneath their wild movements. But as it was a good bed made of high-quality material, it didn't yield the ferocious sex.

Occasionally, Hannibal flipped Will around to fuck him in another angle, pressing the omega down into the mattress. Now, Will was on his knees with Hannibal settled behind him. He

pulled at his hair, making the omega squirm and cry out loudly as Hannibal pulled at his curls covered with sweat that had formed due to the humidity in the air.

“Fuck..yes”, Will gasped. “Fuck me harder, Daddy. Give it to me.” Hearing this, Hannibal emitted another growl, his eyes wild, showing the primal instincts of an alpha. While he moved his hips in synth with Will’s, his hands wandered down Will’s smooth, hairless chest, caressing his soft, pale skin and sculpted muscles, squeezing them obsessively before one hand slid up to pinch and play with Will’s nipples.

Goosebumps spread on Will’s skin as Hannibal toyed with his nipples and exerted pressure on them. He whined and jerked at the touch. His hardened nipples were extremely sensitive.

Will’s vision was blurry but he didn’t need to see Hannibal. They changed position again. Hannibal’s broad, muscular chest pressed him down, shielding him. He smelt his alluding, heavy pheromones and felt his damp grey hair beneath his hands as he cupped the back of his head into his hands. His kiss grew fierce. “Bite me”, he demanded with a high-pitched whine.

Hannibal fucked harshly into him, bending lower and pressing his hands against his throat, giving a light squeeze to his windpipe, making Will gasp and swallow in response. He bared his flushed neck to placate the alpha above him and show his submission and readiness to finally mate with him.

Even though he was in a rut, Hannibal intended to make this mating as pleasurable as possible for his omega, but his biology dominated his inner will.

Feeling he was getting close, the pace intensified and Will was a writhing, sweaty mess. While thrusting hard into him, Hannibal pleasured Will’s beautiful, circumcised cock. He drew his thumb over the moist glans at the top and moved his hand up and down the shaft until Will spilled his seed and moaned in his wonderful melodic voice.

His muscles contracted and warmth filled his body when he reached his climax and the knot began to swell and lock inside Will. Feeling the pressure building up inside him, Hannibal then finally, sank his fangs into the flushed skin tissue, making Will wail and sigh in satisfaction. He grabbed a fistful off the sheets with his hands on the left and right side of the pillow as his body convulsed with tremors. Another pleasant sensation, something that could be compared to an electric shock run through his body when the connection between them became crystal clear now. The hazy, blurred veil was no longer there.

Now Hannibal saw all of it in the Mind Palace that connected them from this moment on. Will’s childhood appeared in front of his eyes. Hannibal saw him cry as a young boy next to the grave of his mother on a cold autumn’s day with his father standing next to him, his face cold as stone.

He saw a young boy working in the boatyard with his father where they fixed motorboats and watched how his dad taught him how to fish in the evening after work.

Poor boy. Now he would have it so much better, not having to worry about money or anything else. He shall get everything. He sifted his hands through his curls and rubbed his

cheek against his to scent-mark and comfort him while forming the bond with him.

“Yess...yess”, Will breathed, his chest rumbling with loud purrs as the fangs of Hannibal sank into his neck.

When the connection built up, Will saw Hannibal’s past and his true self, too. He shuddered when he witnessed how his parents were escorted back from the castle and forced on their knees by two soldiers. Shots echoed over the plain. The piercing anguished cry of young Hannibal and the girl next to him went through his heart. The young girl screamed as two men yielded the ax above her head and severed it.

He gasped for air as the memory was too painful for him. The alpha instinctively pressed him closer and comforted him.

Will’s eyes widened as he witnessed how Hannibal killed and carefully removed the heart and liver from a man lying on a work table in a garage. He was alive while he did that..

Fuck.He was the Ripper. He had mated with a *serial killer.*

His heartbeat skipped some beats as Will had seen the true identity of the man who had helped him. Hannibal was the most wanted killer they were discussing at university. It scared him, but he also found it exciting. And it was not that he had another choice.

With precise, gentle kitten licks, Hannibal began to lick up the blood droplets rippling out of the crest that formed, and soon the scar began to close until only a faint silver line remained. He shuddered under Hannibal’s licks.

Their eyes met when Hannibal stopped licking and scrutinised him. Hannibal’s seemed to be more maroon now and the rut abated for now.

When tears ran down Will’s cheeks, Hannibal licked them up. “Come back to the present, Will”, he told him and swayed him in his arms. Will nodded and inhaled his alpha’s comforting scent. His *alpha.*

They remained in the position for a while as long has the knot was inflated and locked inside him but didn’t talk. Hannibal petted Will to comfort him. “It’s alright”, he purred and let out comforting pheromones. Some minutes after, they fell into the sheets, panting, whining and kissing. Hannibal held him close and entwined his legs with his. They lay together, enjoying the afterglow.

Will then turned around and rested his head on Hannibal’s chest. “My alpha”, he purred. Hannibal toyed with Will’s curls instead. “Yes, I am. There is no escape now from his bond”, he chuckled. “I don’t want to escape either”, Will countered softly. “I’m glad I’m yours.” He nuzzled in the crook of his neck. “But I have all the time to get to know the Ripper”, he teased with a knowing and mischievous smile.

Hannibal hummed. He wasn’t surprised. The mental connection of true mates, of soulmates revealed each other’s past. He knew now all of Will, too.

“You saw who I am?”

Will’s eyes flashed up silver again. “I did.”

“Doesn’t that scare you?”

The omega cocked his head. “A little. But something tells me you won’t hurt me.”

He was wondering whether Will would have backed away if had another choice. But he didn’t have it anymore. An omega who fled his alpha was often cast out of this society. Will would be hunted if someone found out. But it seemed Will was of a different material and not a delicate, fragile meek omega at all. There was potential.

“It’s true. I won’t hurt you if you comply. We have lots to talk through once this rut is over”, Hannibal agreed. He brought his lips to his forehead and kissed him a few times.

“Your rules for this relationship?” Will asked curiously. Purrs rumbled in his chest as Hannibal continued to caress him.

“Precisely. But first we have to go through my rut.” Hannibal let his eyes wander over Will’s bruises and bitemarks. “It will take two or three more days.” Will pressed his lips to Hannibal’s. “I have to be back on Sunday evening at the flat”, he sighed. “I have strained the patience of my buddies when I was away. And I promised I would make it up to them.”

“I understand. It would be rude not to come back and settle your things . First rule of my relationship is: You always keep your promises and be honest.”

Will nodded. “Yes, Daddy”, he purred.

Hannibal’s eyes glowed red at the use of the word “Daddy.” His rut was slowly kicking in again and heavy, musk wafted through the air. A displeased growl rolled from Hannibal’s lips when Will disentangled from his alpha. “I have to take my birth suppressant pills”, he apologised. “Forgot them downstairs in my bag.”

“Hurry”, Hannibal growled through gritted teeth, trying hard to keep himself from forcing the omega back to the bed. He gripped the edge of the bed as hard as he could and inhaled deeply. His eyes rested on Will’s booty and the cum that rippled out as the omega turned around and headed to the door.

Will tilted his head over his shoulder and nodded curtly. He ran down the spiraling wooden stairs, grabbed his black overnight bag from the anteroom where he had left it,rummaged for the bottle with the birth suppressants, swallowed one dry, then returned to the moody bedroom upstairs. When he had barely crossed the threshold and flung his bag to the floor, he yelped as the rutting alpha pulled him away from the door, slammed him into the sheets and another round of animalistic mating began, leaving Will to be a whimpering mess.

Mating II

Chapter Summary

Insatiable as Will is, they have another round of sex after the rut has abated.

There is sex and some spanking.

Chapter Notes

Writing is a pain in the ass , currently. I am glad I managed to come up with this chapter, even if it doesn't meet my perfectionist standard. I hope you enjoy it.

The rut was rather short in comparison to Will's heat but intense, and barely left them time to catch their breaths. At last, when the rut slowly diminished and left them tired out, both collapsed into the sheets and fell into a deep slumber. Sometime on Saturday evening, Hannibal's body woke him up to force him to get the needed nutrients and proteins. After opening his eyes and waking up, he grimaced in pain as his head throbbed badly. The room spun like a merry-go-round on a carnival. Soon, the moody bedroom stopped rotating around its axis and grew sharper again. His eyes perceived the curtains, the mirror, and paintings hanging at the wall with clarity again after blinking once or twice. Looking at the digital alarm clock on his nightstand, he noticed it was already 8 PM and that it was Saturday. They still had time before Will had to leave for his lectures again. A pleased purr rolled from his lips at that thought.

Hannibal noticed his mouth was dry as he hadn't drunk enough water. His tongue darted out and tasted the coppery blood and the sweet, thick, syrupy slick of Will. Worried about the omega, the first thing Hannibal tilted his head and checked on the vitals of his new mate. Will rested on top of him, his legs and arms spread wide and his face pressed against the crook of his neck. Despite his rather wiry stature, his weight felt like a heavy blanket. Moving was hard.

For a moment disappointment rushed through him as he feared Will was dead, like other omegas he had as lovers before during his rut, but when he felt a hot breath exhaled against his neck again and tickled him, making him almost chuckle as it was his sensitive spot, relief rushed through him. Hannibal smiled and sifted his hand through the damp, curly hair, and played with one streak of Will's hair. He was so proud of him. Will was a strong, resilient omega and be capable of bearing his babies in the future.

He had survived his rut. Maybe Will would also be a good hunting partner..once he had groomed his omega. Together they would be invincible. With Will in the FBI, he would have an excellent early warning system. Yes, the future looked promising. But there was a lot of work to do in persuading him and bringing the darker side out. For now, Will needed stability and a good life until his degree was done.

Now back to the present. He carefully pushed Will aside to have a closer look at his omega's body. Scrutinizing Will's irresistible features, he noticed that the pink lips of Will were quite parched and wrinkled from dehydration. The omega would need some water and nourishment very soon. His eyes then flickered over his back, shoulder,, and thighs. Will would also need some medical attention as blood rippled out of some wounds. He had bitten him on several spots of his body - his neck, shoulders, back, and his thighs. Poor Will. They would certainly heal quickly but he wouldn't risk him getting any infection. A low possessive and pleased growl rumbled in his chest as he analyzed all the purple suck bruises, bite marks and the scar visible on the crook of his neck. Pride welled up in his chest.

Hannibal would have loved to cuddle with Will and have some truly intimate lovemaking, but his growling stomach indicated something else. Their occasional meals have been rather minimalistic. He had only provided them with some appetizers and water again as he only had short rounds of clarity before his biology had enslaved him again. Cooking a fine dinner would have been impossible.

Carefully he shoved Will's body to the left side of the bed to avoid waking him up, but this caused Will to startle from his slumber, snarl in annoyance and look up, disoriented at first before realizing where he was. "Good evening", Hannibal purred and gave Will a tender kiss on his beautiful yet dry and cracked lips.

Will rolled away from Hannibal, laid down in his back. He stretched his limbs like a cat and let out a little pained groan, then shifted his bluish-green eyes back to his alpha and snuggled closer to him again. "How are you?" Hannibal asked softly, even though he felt through their Bond that he was okay and only needed some nurturing. "Are you in any pain?"

Will's stomach betrayed him and made a loud noise, causing Will to blush. "A little hungry and thirsty I guess. And my muscles are damn sore", he said and grimaced as he moved his legs and arms." He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. "Otherwise I'm fine."

"Good", Hannibal purred, petting his messy hair, which then fell in front of Will's eyes.

"I can do something against dehydration for now. Dinner will have to wait for a little ", he said, fetching the decanter from the nightstand. He poured him a glass of water, then bend forward and led it to his lips. Will accepted it with a soft, grateful purr. He greedily swallowed the water and emptied the glass with two gulps so he had to refill it a few times.

When Will's thirst was sated, Hannibal drank the remaining bit of the water in the decanter. When he had placed it aside, the omega pulled him into the sheets again with a wide grin on his face.

"Oh you insatiable little thing", the alpha purred. Even though he felt drained from the rut, too, and wasn't so sure if he would manage to satiate his mate's ravenous sexual hunger, his

cock filled out quickly to his own surprise. Turning away from the nightstand, he clambered up on Will again, caging Will between his elbows, looking down at him with a dark stare. A deep growl spilled from his lips and he rutted his body and erection against his mate's body. The omega moaned at the friction.

"I'm not sure if this is a good idea", Hannibal commented, while caressing the beautiful shimmering scar on Will's neck with his fingers, making the omega whine in pleasure and pliant.

"We are both so exhausted and need some food to regain our strength."

Will raised his eyebrows to that and scoffed.

"I forgot you're *an old man* ", the younger omega teased him with an impish grin on his lips and let out an amused cackle, amusing himself on Hannibal's costs.

Hannibal growled in annoyance as his mate wounded his ego and halted in his movements with the intention to stop the tryst and leave the bed instead to prepare dinner.

"Just one more round", Will begged with a velvet, persuasive purr rolling from his throat. He batted his eyelashes in a flirtatious manner. "I just can't get enough of ya", he drawled, slipping into his natural Southern accent.

This strategy didn't work on his alphas though. Hannibal narrowed his eyes. "You are a cheeky omega, Will", Hannibal growled. "You deserve a nice spanking for this rudeness."

Will sighed and rolled his eyes. "Fine. As long as we have sex afterward again?"

"Yes", Hannibal replied, his dark maroon eyes flickering over his face. "If you're a good omega."

Will turned around to lie flat on his stomach and Hannibal, dragged him on his lap then. The omega moved his ass in a provocative, luscious way. Hannibal lifted his hand. The first spank was rather tame, but Will hissed and jerked anyway, wanting to escape but Hannibal held his upper body tightly on his lap with his right arm.

"This is only a taste for the coming spanks", the alpha snarled, exerting more pressure on Will's body as he twitched like a fish.

"If you continue to rebel, you don't deserve a second round of sex", he spoke coolly.

"Okay, okay", Will hissed through gritted teeth and buried his nails into the bedsheets on the right.

Smack. Smack.

Hannibal merely used his hands but the smacks were powerful nonetheless and left red marks on Will's ass cheeks. His whole body buckled up under the hard smacks but no sounds or meek whimpers escaped his mouth. The alpha smacked his ass again and again and again in short successions.

“What did you call me?” Hannibal asked in a casual tone when there was a small pause in their spanking session, allowing Will to recovery

“I called you an *old man”* , Will admitted through gritted teeth, sounding amused nonetheless. “Don’t you think this is a bit exaggerated?”

Hannibal pinched the reddened skin with his fingers, making the omega jerk and growl but the alpha held him still.

“You think so? I don’t.”

Hannibal waited. When no apology rolled from Will’s lips, Hannibal sighed and struck him again.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

The stubborn omega finally gave in.

“Please..stop.I am sorry...I won’t call you that ever again”, he grumbled.

“Louder, please.”

“I said, I was sorry. It won’t happen again!”

Purring in satisfaction, Hannibal lowered his hand, began to massage his inflamed ass cheeks with loving pets and caresses of his hand, then bowed down to kiss them. “I hope so for you, Will”, the alpha said. “Or you will suffer a lot more spankings or other punishments.”

This had Will intrigued. He shot a curious glance at him over his shoulder, raising one of his eyebrows slightly.

“What kind of punishments?

Hannibal chuckled. “This will be subject to our negotiation.” He pressed soft and tender kisses to his omega’s well-shaped butt and soothed the red marks and stripes with his saliva, making the red faded a little. Hannibal was a little astounded but he had heard that mates could heal each other to a certain limit.

“Mhm, feels good”, Will sighed as Hannibal gave the sensitive skin on his ass cheeks tender kitten licks and he felt the stinging pain fade away a little bit. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome. It is not uncommon that true mates can ease the wounds of their wounded partner”, Hannibal explained to him. He helped Will to settle down on the bed again and laid down behind his omega on the right side of the bed.

Will laughed in amusement, his laughter pleasant and melodic, and arched his head back to nuzzle in the neck of his alpha. “That would make you invincible then”, he said.

Hannibal grumbled a little as Will’s stubble tickled him.“Not quite. But it would certainly be of any help if something happened to me.”

His lips touched the omega's sweat-stained forehead, then ghosted along his cheeks until they rested on the newly formed scar on his throat. The omega jerked and moaned as the alpha stimulated him by caressing his scar with his tongue.

"What do you think of this punishment?" Hannibal asked to ascertain his omega's boundaries. His hands wandered down his pectorals, drawing circles on his slightly swollen abdomen until his fingers cupped Will's cock and began to jerk him off. While doing so, Hannibal continued to plant tender kisses on his face and occasionally nibbles at the omega's earlobes. Will sighed in relief and rubbed his behind against Hannibal's, crotch, desperately seeking friction and release.

"Will?"

"It was okay", Will breathed. "Don't feel it that much anymore."

Will jerked and thrashed with his feet a little as Hannibal's fingers slipped into his puckered entrance with ease, aiming with precision.

"God..It feels so good ", he hissed. "Fuck..yeah."

Hannibal abandoned his current position and crouched back to his groin. He settled between Will's legs, teased his cock with strokes of his tongue while pleasuring Will with quick, hard thrusts of his fingers. The omega exhaled sharply. His body trembled beneath his alpha's constant teasing.

"More...please", he groaned and fucked himself harder on Hannibal's fingers.

Hannibal looked up and smirked at him. He thoroughly enjoyed teasing his omega now that his mind had cleared from the rut. These lovely flushed cheeks, the wanting look in Will's eyes, and the desperate thrashing of his limbs were an enticing sight. Instead of giving in, he slipped in the tongue and tasted his own cum leaking out of Will's butt and made Will sing even more. It was pleasure for his ears.

He could definitely enjoy the sex lot more now. The sweet slick on his tongue mingled with the salty taste of his seeds. The exquisite sound of his omega's voice begging for his cock and his knot was pure bliss now in this sober state of mind. Hannibal tortured the omega further with the dexterous thrusts and movements of his tongue and fingers.

After a while, Hannibal had mercy and touched himself until his cock filled out again. With a pleased growl he pushed his cock into the puckered entrance of Will until he became fully sheathed within him and began moving his hips while pressing his chest against Will's and burying his face in his neck, inhaling his omega's event - sour sweat mixed with his own natural aroma. He moved slowly and gently and held eye contact with Will.

"What a lovely mess you are", Hannibal purred and smiled down at the disheveled hair of Will hanging over his eyes, then sifted his hands through his damp hair. As a response he received another moan and lips clashing on his.

The lovemaking was sweet and tender and Hannibal fucked Will slowly and with well-measured, controlled thrusts until Hannibal felt the omega growing impatient and stilled, causing Will to snark in protest. Hannibal caressed his face with tender strokes of his hands.

“I want to ride you”, Will told him with a determined look and bared his tiny fangs.

Hannibal growled quietly and pulled out to change position. It was rare to relinquish power during sex to an omega but with Will it felt right for some reason. Will adjusted his position on the bed, then sat down on his cock again and supported himself on Hannibal’s thighs. He sighed in relief as Hannibal‘s cock speared him up once more and rocked his hips with him. Hannibal gripped Will‘s hips and steadied him. Will took what he wanted and Hannibal gave it with pleasure.

At a particularly sharp and hard thrust, he put his head into his neck and cried out. A beautiful, melodic cry resounded in the room as Will climaxed on top of him and shot the little amount of cum he had left on his chest. Hannibal used Will’s short moment of relaxation to flip him on his back. Now it was his turn to get pleasured.

Hannibal sped up the pace of the sex and pounded without mercy into Will, eliciting further lecherous moans from Will. He noticed that Will was really at the limit of his physical strength now and therefore hurried. When the orgasm washed over him once again, he decided to not give Will the knot. He came with a loud groan and pulled out immediately. Noticing that he didn’t get the knot, Will shot him a disapproving glare and snarled but Hannibal shook his head and withdrew from his lover.

“Enough lying in bed for tonight”, Hannibal said decisively. He sat up on the bed, stretched his limbs for a moment and got up, then walked to this wardrobe and threw a dark blue Paul Stuart cashmere bathrobe over to Will, who was reluctant and eyed the alpha while lounging lazily on the bed with his hands beneath his head. Hannibal chose a dark brown of the same brand for himself and slipped into the gown.

“It is getting late and we need to nourish our bodies with decent, healthy food. Cooking might take a while as I was in no position to go shopping.”

Having caught Hannibal’s bathrobe in his arms just in time , Will lifted his legs over the other side of the bed as well with a heavy sighs He slipped into the bathrobe, which was overall one size too large, and tied the ends of the belt together. The sleeves were a little too long.

Hannibal smiled at the sight of the omega getting a little lost in the bathrobe. Still, he looked pretty. They would need to go shopping very soon to make his omega presentable, especially when they would go to the opera. Hannibal was looking forward to dressing him up and pictures him in the most expensive suit. And when they were in the bedroom, he imagined him in the most sultry dresses and lingerie - a lace lingerie dress beset with glittering pearls. And he would wear lip stick and high heels...

Will tore him out of his thoughts, with a teasing smile on his face, as if he knew. Well, they both could exchange their thoughts now that they were bonded.

“Why don’t we just order some pizza?” Will asked casually, throwing a seductive glance at him.

Hannibal scrunched his nose in disgust. When the word pizza left his lips, a flash of red appeared in his eyes and an annoyed growl rumbled in his chest.

“We will not do such a deplorable thing”, he snarled, pushing open the bedroom door, waiting impatiently for Will to follow him. Prompted by the glinted maroon-red eyes and the impatient posture, Will strut forward.

“Another rule is I will not tolerate junk food or any other highly processed foods in my house”, Hannibal said, placing his hand on his shoulders, pushing him further towards the bathroom, but paying attention he didn’t stumble.

Will sighed, but didn’t counter that remark and let his alpha steer his tired body to the bathroom in order to clean him and tend to his wounds. Well, Hannibal had said, no junk food in the house but but not specified anything further. He brushed the thought away to prevent Hannibal from discovering his plans for future cheat meals. Will enjoyed the gentle touches and dabbing of Hannibal’s hands on his bruised back and thighs to disinfect his wounds and closed his eyes.

Mating III

Chapter Summary

Will just can't get enough and so they have shower sex. They also have some tender moments in the kitchen.

Chapter Notes

Hey!

I wanted to make them negotiate their relationship and write a dinner scene but the characters decided they wanted to fuck again! They have some tender moments in the kitchen, though.

Enjoy.

Once Hannibal had finished examining Will's wounds and cleaned them with the utmost care, using his healing saliva and waterproof patches in the process, there remained only one other thing to do. To shower and get ready for cooking. Hannibal placed the medical kit back with the supplies into the grey drawer of the bathroom cabinet with the black marble top from which he had fetched it. He turned around, shed off his bathrobe which fell to the floor with a soft whoosh and walked back to Will, looking at him expectantly as Will still stood there motionless and nude like a statue of a Greek hero of the ancient world.

"Up into the shower with you, boy", Hannibal ordered in his raspy, deep Alpha voice, pointing to the vast walk-in shower. He slapped his fine, ass twice and tenderly. How could he resist this temptation? His other hand pulled up Will's chin. Cheeky blue eyes met cool maroon ones. "No delay or sabotage of dinner this time." He narrowed his eyes a little and let out a growl. "You will go into the shower first."

Will gave him some pouty lips and a disappointed stare but his body obeyed to his commanding tone as if he had been put under a spell. He slid the glass door open but didn't close it yet. Hannibal's breathing became heavier as Will flung a seductive glance at him when he walked in the shower at a very slow pace. He ensured to present his butt to him before leaning against the solid black-greyish marble wall and stroking his semi-hard cock to full hardness.

Witnessing this debauched sight of his omega pleasuring himself and hearing the melodic, wanton whines, Hannibal swallowed. His pupils dilated instantly and his cock reacted to the

lecherous posing and masturbation despite the several lovemaking sessions. He clenched his fists and breathed in deeply. He shouldn't go in now. Hannibal was sure he could handle it physically, but Will? Hannibal didn't want to see him hospitalized.

Will sensed his internal battle and exploited it shamelessly. "Don't you want to join me, Daddy?", Will purred breathlessly and ground against the black marble wall of the shower in a lewd way and grinned back at his alpha. "You'll miss another treat."

Hannibal's alpha brain took over and defeated his rational side to stay outside and wait until Will had finished cleaning himself. Shades of crimson red crept back into his maroon eyes again. His lust possessed him once more. Growling, Hannibal pulled the omega into a fierce kiss, taking his breath away and leaving him unable to speak. Their tongues entwined in their mouths and Hannibal tasted the faint trace of his own cum as well as the faint coppery scent of blood when their sharp teeth met and small droplets of blood rippled out of their lips.

At the same time, Hannibal's fingers slid down his body and found their way to Will's puckered hole which was still wet with slick and cum of the last sex session. His other hand opened the unlacquered golden brass faucet mounted at the wall. Warm water poured from the showerhead above on their bodies to keep them warm and prevent them from shivering. Steam rose up and covered the shower doors - result from the hot water and the steamy action transpiring between them.

"Naughty, little omega", he growled into his ear. "Don't complain when you can't move tomorrow or you can't take my cock properly."

Using his fingers, Hannibal started to fuck him with sharp thrusts against his swollen prostate glands but Will pushed him off which irritated the alpha at first. Hannibal announced his displeasure with a snarl. Will whined to soothe his alpha, then slowly hunkered down and kneeled on the floor. He reached for Hannibal's cock and wrapped his lips around the leaking head and gently pushed his dick inside his own hot, wet mouth. While doing this, he peeked up with innocent puppy eyes at his Alpha to placate him. Hannibal's eyes widened in surprise.He took a deep breath, and leaned back against the wall, sighing in satisfaction.

"Will...ohh.", Hannibal growled loudly as Will now used his fingers to cup his balls into his hands and played with them. Other fingers, lubed up with his slick, stretches the alpha's entrance. The combination of his hands, mouth and tongue of his omega felt so good. Even though he had cum so many times the last few days, it still was a wonderful experience.He tucked Will's rebellious curls behind his ears and patted his head gently as Will swallowed him whole. To save up his energy, he handed Will the control over the pace. Will took him deeper and deeper, even though tears welled up in his eyes and he struggled to suppress his gag reflex. At the end he didn't give up, no, he persevered. A proud growl rumbled in Hannibal's chest, when seeing how his omega gave his best and got adjusted to the feeling of his cock deep down his throat.

"I should put another mirror into the bedroom", Hannibal purred. His tongue darted out to lick his lips and he brushed his fingers over Will's cheeks. "To show you how you look while taking or sucking my cock."

Will nuzzled against his head and moved his head to tell him he approved. His storm-blue eyes flashed up and he strengthened his efforts as arousal poured through him. Hannibal made a mental remark to equip his bedroom with some more life-size mirrors then focussed once more on the blissful sensation seizing his body. He fucked his mouth harder now. Will gave his best to make his orifice as tight for him as possible.

Bless the Greek Gods of the ancient world, his omega was good at pleasing him. Hannibal buried his hands into the damp hair of Will and closed his eyes. The way this would be going, Hannibal would come soon. He pulled out of Will's mouth and gently helped him up, making sure he wouldn't slip.

Hannibal positioned himself behind Will in the walk-in shower, straddled his legs, pressed him to the slippery black marble wall of the walk-in shower, and breached into him. Will moaned in the most lecherous way as Hannibal wrapped his hand up around Will's cock and stimulated his swollen prostate glands with his cock and quick sharp thrusts. Skin slapped on skin. Aroused groans and high-pitched moans resounded in the shower. Hannibal nibbled at Will's shoulder and left brand-new bite marks at another spot which was still unclaimed and not plastered with bandaids.

"Oh fuck, Hannibal ", Will groaned and hissed. Every thrust against his prostate was both pain and pleasure at the same time. He tried and gripped the wall in front of him with his hands for support as his leg muscles nearly gave in. The surroundings blurred for some moments like a camera losing its focus. His muscles ached for rest which Will denied them once again. But he needed to feel his alpha within him with every fiber of his being just like he needed air to breathe; like he needed to consume water and food to exist. Will didn't want to be separated from him ever again. The prospect of going back to university and be separated from him, even though it would be only some days, was a little dismaying. Will intended to make the best of the wonderful experience as long as he can. "It is too much", he panted as Hannibal pounded into him and made his body nearly collapse.

"You insisted on it", his alpha purred behind him and flipped Will around. Will locked his legs around Hannibal's waist and Hannibal lifted him up, fucking him from this position now, going as deep as possible to give Will as much pleasure as he could muster. He brushed his nose along his neck and then nosed his damp hair before nibbling at his earlobes and leaving a small suck bruise in his shoulder. "You are incorrigible in your greed", he whispered into his ear.

"Ohh...Hannibal..damn..faster..please ", Will whined.

His hips moved quick and harshly now and he slammed Will against the wall behind him.At last, Hannibal came within Will, trembling heavily. Will came, too. He pulled out quickly before his knot could inflate again. This time Will didn't protest though.

"Now this was really the last time for tonight ", Hannibal panted and stretched his body and arms, hoping to exert the ongoing exhaustion from his body. He washed away the stripes of

"I promise", Will said and looked rather guilty and brought up his hand. The omega felt a little remorse welling up inside of him at the sight of the alpha fighting with exhaustion.

“I’m sorry about that. I could cook if you want to”, he offered.

“Nonsense”, Hannibal replied with a faint, tired smile and petted his damp hair. He didn’t accept Will’s help because he regarded it as a duty to provide as alpha and besides Will would fall asleep as soon as they settled downstairs. “I will provide for you as it is my responsibility as alpha.”

Will sighed and pressed his nose into Hannibal’s broad chest and picked at his chest hair before the alpha shoved him away. Intending to no longer delay dinner, Hannibal reached for the glass bottle with his expensive shower gel standing on the white marble shower storage rack in the corner behind him - a product of Japan. He opened the lid, placed it a side and put a small amount of the liquid on his hands, Hannibal rubbed it on Will’s body, and left out the spots on his body that he had disinfected previously and put bandaids on. Even now, he treated Will’s body with reverence and worship even though he hurried a little due to time pressure.

Will purred and closed his eyes as Hannibal proceeded to wash his hair and massaged the shampoo into his short curls. It was a shame his hair was quite short. Hannibal deduced it was to keep suitors at bay and to make him less omegan.

“Have you thought about growing your hair out ?” Hannibal asked gently. “I would like to see the full splendour of your wonderful curls.”

“People told me I would look way too Omega”, Will gave back. “But for you..I would do it”, he said.

“If you can keep me safe from suitors or my professors..”

Hannibal stopped and pursed his lips. He was thoroughly disgusted at the hint of thought of his omega being touched by somebody else. His eyes darkened.

“I promise that everyone trying to touch you will pay dearly.”

That answer elicited a satisfied purr from Will.

Hannibal rinsed his hair and body clean.When he he wanted to do the same to himself, Will whirled around and gripped his wrist.

“I want to do it! Let me take care of you, Alpha”, Will purred.

A satisfied deep growl rolled from Hannibal’s lips and he allowed Will to clean his body. He was just as careful and tender as he had been with him. His cock didn’t react though even when Will hunkered down again to his knees, cleaned him there thoroughly and he was quite happy about it. There was only so much energy an alpha could spare to give.

Outside, the procedure repeated itself. Hannibal rubbed Will’s body and hair dry, then Will took care of his alpha.

After the unplanned shower sex session and getting cleaned up nicely, they left the bathroom to get dressed for dinner. Hannibal insisted on proper clothes, even though they were at home

and on their own. Hannibal handed Will his favorite red sweater. Will paired it with his denim jeans he had packed in. Just like the bathrobe, the sweater wasn't Will's size and was rather like a sack, but Will loved it. Omegas loved soft fabrics and the sweater was very comfortable. Most important he smelled of Hannibal now. Hannibal admired the sight of the oversized pullover on Will and him smelling the fabric.

While slipping into his jeans and struggling a little bit with it, just like one would do after coming out of the shower, Will's stomach rumbled loudly. At that, his cheek flushed pink and Hannibal chuckled in amusement.

Before heading to the kitchen, he used the opportunity to nuzzle in Will's short curls and inhale the delicious scent of his own expensive argan oil conditioner. Hannibal would buy him an own exquisite set of Omega shampoo, conditioner which would bring the best out of him. Alpha products were too musky.

They walked through the moody corridor with indigo-blue walls embellished with paintings of Botticelli and Michelangelo and then down the spiralling stairs, making way to his large kitchen below which looked rather utilitarian, in comparison to his bedroom,and had a large stainless steel island table in the center.

The first thing Hannibal did was to fill a glass of water and hand it to Will and also give him apples and bananas.

Will gulped it down quickly and refilled it again at the kitchen sink, then he sank his teeth into the juicy apple. "What's for dinner?" Will asked, curiously as Hannibal rushed to fetch the meat and vegetables from the fridge in the meantime.

"Lomo Saltado", Hannibal said, a smile tugging on his lips. "Tender stir-fried beef sirloin with curly fries, red onions and tomatoes, served over rice", he added as he noticed Will's questioning look on him.

"And sanguinaccio dolce as dessert. You will love that one. A creamy, thick chocolate sauce, made from milk and pig's blood. Very delicious", the alpha purred.

He knew that omegas had a sweet tooth and he had seen it when Will devoured all the chocolate bars in the hotel during his heat.

"Are you using human meat and blood for the food?" Will inquired with a sceptical look on his face. He should be appalled,but a great deal of him was simply curious. Besides, he didn't have much of another choice anymore. And he wasn't exactly innocent either when he imagined Chilton lying bleeding on the floor after the assault..

"Yes", he admitted, watching Will with curious eyes for a reaction, whilst opening the door of his huge fridge and rummaging for the meat and vegetables. "Is that a problem for you?" He asked calmly.

"I can change the ingredients, if you like and use beef."

At the thought of Will refusing the meat he hunted, disappointment welled up in Hannibal. He would give him time to adjust to him, but at some point he expected full support of his mate. Or else there would be no point in continuing their relationship.

Having fetched everything he needed to prepare the meal, he initiated the cooking. He cut open the vacuum packaging, removed the meat laid the meat out on a cutting board and the vegetables beside it, then discarded the packaging. As he passed Will by to discard it in the bin, he planted a quick kiss on Will's forehead, as if this could change anything. Then he returned to the sink and washed the vegetables.

Will purred a deep Omegan purr, as he received the kiss."I am curious about the taste", Will admitted, leaning against the kitchen counter behind him and watching Hannibal work. "Although I should be appalled as a student of criminal psychology." Will sighed. "But you know, I've helped my dad in disposing of a body."

Hearing Will's honest answer, the expression in Hannibal's eyes softened.He was proud to head that there was more to his boy than he thought. He gave his omega a fond, loving smile and patted his head with his slightly wet hand.

Good boy.

"You have to tell me all about it during dinner", Hannibal said. "I'm curious about what happened that drove your dad to kill someone and how the police accepted you."

Will frowned at that and shut off. "Do I have to tell you? Can't you just read my mind?" He sounded more snappish than he initially intended.

"I could go into our mind palace, Will, but then we wouldn't have a lot to talk about", Hannibal said calmly. He placed the vegetables in a bowl and turned around to face his omega.

"If you don't want to share it now, I understand, but I figure it's a more pleasant way to get to know each other."

Will's face grew pensive as he pondered whether he should tell him about it.

"Hmm", he hummed. "You're right. I also want to know how exactly what drives *you* to killing."

He wrapped his hands around Hannibal's waist and looked up at his alpha who smiled down at him.

"Certainly."

"But don't forget the negotiation and our contract", Will reminded his alpha. "I don't want to end up being a sex slave without any rights."

"Of course", Hannibal answered and planted a chaste kiss on Will's lips. "You're precious to me. As I said before I despise people who hold Omegas as their slaves. I consider that very rude."

Will quirked an eyebrow at that. Ah, free-range rude. He got it.

Hannibal didn't want to lose complete control over his omega, but he needed to build up unconditional trust of Will to do so. From his experience as psychiatrist he remembered that subjects must be unaware of the influence on them.

His stomach rumbled now loudly which drew his attention back to the food and tore him out of his musing. Wanting to nurture his alpha, Will picked up the banana from the table, peeled it and led it to Hannibal's mouth. The alpha took some bites and smiled.

"Would you like to be my sous-chef then ?" He asked, offering Will the sharp knife he had pulled out of the wooden knife block and pointed to the vegetables lying in a silver bowl, rinsed and ready for further preparation.

Will's eyes lightened up and he seized it, wanting to cut the onion lying in front of him very eagerly and with great enthusiasm.Hannibal lingered behind him gripped his wrist and steadied his hand as the omega wanted to butcher the onion in his impatience.

Dinner

Chapter Notes

> Greetings from the writer's block hiatus! I managed to write something, even though it's not much. Here's a small appetiser before the negotiation and the fun part starts!

Despite Will's blunders while cutting the vegetables the wrong way and his impatient attitude sometimes, it was a pleasure to cook with him. Will was eager to learn some tricks, and Hannibal appreciated that. He very much liked guiding his hands and explaining seemingly unnecessary steps in the preparation of a meal to him, which hobby cooks ignored. It also impressed him that Will couldn't be bothered to cut and cook human flesh and looked at it with detachment despite his empathy disorder.

Their evening meal was occasionally in danger when the omega distracted him from the task at hand. When Hannibal positioned himself behind him, Will sometimes stood on his tiptoes, leaned back against his chest, and placed his head on Hannibal's shoulder, begging for a kiss with a cooing Omega purr vibrating in his chest and a pleading look in his storm-blue eyes. Will would nuzzle his neck and rub his sweet scent on his apron and the collar of his shirt. What a sweet, cheeky, manipulative omega.

The yellow bell peppers, onions, and the "beef" stripes in the pan and wok nearly got charred, when Will diverted him again with his playful, oblivious demeanor, his licking and biting, making the alpha growl in disapproval. Will only smirked at him mischievously and pretended nothing terrible had happened. Sighing, Hannibal gave Will's booty some more sharp slaps and pinches.

The alpha couldn't wait to dive into the world of BDSM, to tie Will up to the bedposts in the master bedroom, and show him what happened when he disobeyed his alpha all the time. One incident like this wasn't enough, but if the omega kept on pushing his limits, intending to overpower him, he needed to take precautions.

Despite the stolen kisses and the distractions, they got the Lomo Saltado done, even though the meat stripes were a little too cooked for Hannibal's taste now, and the bell pepper was too soft.

"Food presentation is art. You have to follow some essential rules to create a delectable meal ", Hannibal explained to his mate as he fetched two expensive silver china plates from Christofle's and placed them on the stainless kitchen island. He took the pan with beef stripes and gestured to Will to bring the other ingredients to him. Hannibal hurried back to the drawer to fetch some utensils in order - some small spoons and other tools to have control over placing ingredients on the plate the way they were meant to.

Will brought the different plates with each the steaming vegetables, curly fries, carrot slaw, and the one with the cooked rice. He placed them next to each other on the stainless counter. “When it comes to food presentation, the best thing to do is to think of a clock. “Starch foods are usually placed between 9 and 12’ o clock ”, Hannibal said, pointing to the respective space. “The meat should be positioned between3’ and 9 ‘o clock... And last but not least, the vegetables.” Hannibal pointed toward the last free space on the plate.

Hannibal took his time with the appealing presentation of the dish and the subtle placement of the writer's quills on the plate. This bothered the omega a little. Will watched him draping the food on the plate with a skeptic expression and quirked eyebrows. His stomach made another loud rumbling noise. He was starving.

“Thanks, but I just want to eat,” Will explained in a grumpy tone. He was annoyed at the slow speed of Hannibal’s hands and just shoved his share of the ingredients on his plate without taking proper care. The alpha wrinkled his nose at this ungracious, greedy act.

“Will,” Hannibal scolded him and bestowed his omega with a stern, menacing gaze.

“You marry me?” Will completed his sentence with a grin on his face. He winked at him cheekily and held his gaze, not intimidated.

”We are already”, Hannibal said smoothly and pointed to his scar. “Maybe I’ll let you bite me if you do better in the future.”

Hannibal made a mental note to himself and to add this sort of behavior on the list, which he wouldn’t tolerate at all in front of his guests. He would get Will where he wanted him to be and make him comply with some stricter methods.

He was looking forward to their “negotiation”. It was not a really balanced one as he held the power in their relationship. He rather saw this as him making some admissions.

All that was left for them to do was to take the plates and go into the dining room.

Hannibal gave his omega a thin-lipped smile. He gestured to the door connecting the kitchen with the dining room.

“After you, Will.”

With the plates in their hand, they strolled into the long, moody room with the indigo-blue walls where black antlers and a lewd *Leda and the Swan* portrait on the walls greeted them.

Hannibal returned to the kitchen only to come back with two glasses of wine glasses and a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc and poured the white wine into the glasses.

The alpha pulled the chair away from the table, sat down on it, then graciously picked up the knife and the fork. In a safe distance from their plates lay a notebook with a leather cover and a pen on top. The quiet, dreamy melody of Débussy’s“*Clair de Lune*” began to play in the background as Hannibal turned on the Hi-Fi with the wireless remote. He placed it on the black marble window board behind him.

Will pierced up a bit of the meat with a defiant, sassy look on his face. A pleased quiet growl rolled from Hannibal's lips as he did that. He led the fork more graciously to his mouth and smirked at his omega.

"Now, where we shall begin?"

Negotiation - Quid Pro Quo

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal negotiate their relationship after dinner.

Chapter Notes

Hello!

It's been a while. I'm terribly sorry. My brain just didn't want to participate for some reason. I hope you enjoy this chapter about negotiation, even though they should have done this before going into bed😅. Guess, the rut prevented that.

There will be smut and some kinky stuff in upcoming chapters.

If you have anything to criticise, especially the negotiation part, please do, but in a constructive way.

I will try and update more frequently but can't promise.

Thank you :)

After the last bit of the sanguinaccio dolce had been devoured, Will leaned back in his chair and placed the silver spoon next to his emptied orange half plate on the dining table, while piercing the alpha with a cheeky, challenging gaze. "Let's start with the essential boundaries first, before I tell you more about my past." Hannibal complied without commenting on his decision, then stood up and retrieved the expensive-looking notebook with the thick leather cover, the black feather quill and the container filled with ink from the other end of the long dining table. Will raised his eyebrow when seeing the old-fashioned writing gear, but didn't say anything. Hannibal's lifestyle truly resembled that of the infamous count Dracula living in Transylvania.

"I want you to respect my boundaries and freedom. In bed as well as in general. I want to finish my master and PhD before we even discuss the matter of pups. Meddling with my medication is a big red flag for me," Will said decisively, his voice growing more confident and strong the more he demanded. "I want to live in my own flat as long as I study in Washington. Commuting every day would be way too stressful." Hannibal wrote down "Relationship Boundaries and Wishes" in his slow, meticulous and hauntingly impeccable

handwriting, followed by an introductory statement and the words that Will just gave him under the title “Will.”

His younger mate stopped speaking to give him some time to process the information and observed the slow movement of his hand with fascination. It was hypnotising to watch him write and listen to the satisfying sound of the quill piercing through the surface of the paper. When the scratching stopped, the alpha raised his gaze to Will again, prompting him to continue.

The omega knitted his brows, a little surprised that the alpha didn’t want to contradict him. “You agree?” Hannibal nodded. A sly smirk sneaked upon his face. “Yes. Mutual respect and honesty are the pillars of every relationship,” he agreed.

“But?”

“But I insist on moving you into a larger and comfortable flat with more luxuries and privacy.”

Will shifted in his chair.Ah,there it was. The need to control his environment. Dealing with this tendency was the price for the bargain with the devil. Will bit on his bottom lip, recalling Beverly’s warning of possessive, narcissistic alphas who cut off their omegas from the rest of the world and isolated them from family and friends.

Unconsciously, he clenched his jaw and tensed his shoulders. The alpha smelled the insecurity and the sour headnote of distress, but didn’t reach out to comfort him, and scanned him with his dark eyes, waiting for a reply. Quid pro quo, Will thought. His fingers drummed on the table in a nervous rhythm. Is that how dealing with the devil was going to go? Bargaining until he made a mistake? “And what about my friends?” Will asked, his heartbeat gaining speed. “Are you going to let me see them or not ?”

Hannibal moved his head curtly to signal his agreement. “Yes,” Hannibal answered slowly, sounding almost reluctant and disappointed. “But I insist on spending the weekend and, perhaps, if the schedule allows it, one day during the week with my mate.” He uttered the words with final determination. “This is one of my conditions and it’s not negotiable.” Will let that sink in for a minute and stared at the hypnotising painting hanging on the wall above the assortment of herbs.

“Fine,” the omega replied. “But not one more single day.” A victorious smirk lightened up Hannibal’s mask-like face. “Write that down, please,” Will commanded in a strict tone, growling a little. “I want to hold you accountable to your promises.” The devilish, condescending grin faded a little, but the alpha did as Will ordered him to. The alpha was definitely not pleased to be bossed around, Will noticed. The music stopped playing and merely the scratch of the quill on the parchment paper broke the tense silence. Will attempted to subdue the anxiety bubbling within him and maintain his confidence. But he was going to give his best to resist Hannibal’s manipulation and show him that he was not merely a boy toy to be used and thrown away. No. He had some experience fighting off unwanted alphas and betas if he had to.

Hannibal pushed the notebook over and gave Will a look on the notes that he had written down to maintain an air of transparency. Will nodded and decided to fling a pleased, sweet smile at his alpha. “Thank you, daddy,” Will replied, his chest rumbling with a deep, soothing Omegan purr. The alpha reacted at Will’s manipulation and gave him a matching growl.”Of course, I wouldn’t have forbidden you to see your friends, Will,” the alpha responded lightly. “Our brains need stimulation and mindful exchanges with colleagues and companions. And who am I to take that away from you?” “Well, when one is bonded to the devil, one has to stay vigilant,” Will retorted.

Hannibal avoided an answer and instead took a deep sip from his dessert wine, looking almost amused, before picking up his feather quill again.

“Smart boy. So what else do you want to add?”

“I want us to talk properly when there are problems or issues between us. And not before it’s too late and you want to murder me before I know what has even driven you mad,” Will remarked drily.

Hannibal chuckled, while adding another note to the paper. “As I said before, rest assured that I won’t kill you, mylimasis.”

“I do trust you, but not your cannibalistic impulses,” Will remarked.“And I guess I want you to love me and be there for me when I need it. I want you to hug me when I’m sad and provide for me. If you cheat on me, I will leave.” Will leaned over the white skull in between them to steal a kiss from his alpha. Hannibal allowed him to do so. Will tasted the remainder of the chocolate sauce on Hannibal’s lips mingled with the sweet red wine.

Hannibal brought his hand up to pet Will’s cheek and sift it through his freshly-washed hair.

“I swear this to you, my lovely omega. You are mine and my duty is to protect and love you until death does us part.” Hannibal drew the younger man into another tender, romantic kiss. Will saw the tears and the fear in the alpha’s eyes. It moved him so much that some tears found their way into his eyes as well. Another stolen, short kiss followed. “I would kill everyone who intends to harm you, “ he growled. “Even if I had to kill every human and walk to the darkest corners of this earth and carry you all the way back home. I would follow you to the pits of hell and back.”

Will pressed his forehead against Hannibal's and sighed at the promise. The omega hoped that his reassurance was true. He brought up his digit and traced Hannibal’s lips with it. A small laugh escaped the omega’s throat. “Oh wow. That is quite the dramatic promise to maintain, Hannibal.”

Hannibal opened his mouth and sucked at Will’s finger tips for some moments.

“I always keep my promises,” he mumbled.

“Now that I have offered my conditions,” Will said softly. “What does my alpha want?”

The alpha brought his lips to Will's forehead for a gentle kiss, before pulling back to his position.

"I very much agree to the terms that you have named," he said.

"I want to spoil you and dress you properly and give you all the things that you deserve, " Hannibal continued, opening another paragraph under the title Hannibal.

"To me it's incredibly important that you listen to me when I tell you something important. While I do enjoy bratty behaviour and defiance, I don't want to be disrespected as an alpha in front of my dinner guests or at the opera and will suffer any kind of behaviour which endangers and insults my position as alpha. Do you understand me?" His tone had a note of sharpness and seriousness to it.

Will bobbed his head curtly. "Yes, Daddy."

The alpha purred Hannibal's hands moved swiftly when he wrote that down on his parchment paper.

"Would you punish me if I was a little bit sassy and defiant in public or in our every day life ?" Will asked, growing pensively, thinking of other aspects now. His tongue darted out to moisten his lips.

Hannibal granted him a mischievous smile. "I was just about to move on to this point and discuss the sexual and kinky side of our relationship."

"Have you had any experience with the world of bondage, kinks and sadomasochism except for the daddy kink and spanking during sex?"

"Well, I do like to call you Daddy," he said, shrugging. "I guess I have basic knowledge thanks to some lectures or research." Hannibal looked at him doubtfully. Will huffed a breath."Fine.A twisted version of it, perhaps. But I've never actually tried it before."

"I see," his alpha replied. "Then let me explain some matters to you." His eyes darted back for Will's wine glass."Do you need something to drink? An espresso perhaps?"

"Just water, thanks." Hannibal hurried to pour him a glass of filtered table water from the decanter. Will took a sip.

The alpha sat down again and opened another page of his notebook, picked up and cleared his throat. "Much of what is important in the relationship between a submissive and a dominant has already been mentioned. Trust, honesty and communication."

Hannibal flung another pensive stare at Will. "I will tell you the most important things about the practices, precautions and you may stop me any time when you have questions.

"Sure," Will answered.

And Hannibal started with his lecture. He gave Will a short overview about what BDSM and power exchange was really like in contrast to what the media and books conveyed; what it

was what it clearly wasn't. Will found his lecture enlightening. It was obvious that he had not done his research properly. He found the bit with stress relief, euphoria in sub space especially interesting.

"Did the information help you?" Hannibal asked. "Or do you have any questions? Don't hesitate to ask if you do."

"Tremendously," Will replied. "It seems that everything I learned is far from what it is supposed to be."

"I thought so," the alpha replied. "Too often, the media focuses on abuse, instead of positive examples in the community and on the positive effects of it."

"Definitely. The murder cases we analysed in class were associated with sadomasochism in a bad way.Our professors shrugged and said: That's what you get for doing abhorrent stuff."

Hannibal emitted a displeased growl and shook his head. "I hope I can show you what it truly means."Would you like to dive into that world together with me ?"

Will's heart thudded in his chest. The thought of wearing a collar and being tied up on the bed with a sex toy buzzing in his ass popped up in his brain.

"Easy, boy," he said, chuckling when he saw the image popping up inside his mind. "For now we are going to write down what you and I like and don't like and try out easier positions."

"First of all-,"

"I want to wear a collar," Will interrupted him loudly. "I want to show people that I belong to you."

Hannibal noted that information with a pleased look. A proud purr rolled from his lips. "Very well. I was already thinking of that. "

"Your turn," Will shot back.

"You're going to address me as Daddy or Sir," Hannibal said. "But you have done so already so this won't be an issue. Am I correct?" Another nod of Will followed swiftly. "If you don't, you'll be warned thrice. If you keep on ignoring me, you will be punished. Plus, I will make the rules in our every day life. How to do the chores properly, for example."

Will bestowed him with a knowing, cheeky grin.

"Oh, I see that the thought seems to excite you," Hannibal said in an amused tone,moving his right hand swiftly over the paper. "That doesn't surprise me. You have already enjoyed the spanking in the bedroom as well. " He paused, shifting his gaze back from the paper back at him. "Or was I wrong?"

Will shook his head. "No, that was okay," he said. "I think you have to give me more spankings in the future as well."

“Very good,” Hannibal answered. “Thinking of what I mentioned to you earlier - name some scenarios you’d like to try and which you won’t.”

“I’d love you to tie me up,” Will breathed, arousal washing over him. “I’d like you to blindfold and use me the way you want. And if I misbehaved in public, I want you to punish me with spankings or denied orgasm.”

Hannibal purred.

“What about public play or role play?”

This when Will hesitated. “You mean like punishment in front of others?”

Hannibal noticed that the omega wasn’t comfortable with it. “I don’t know yet,” he admitted. “Public sex would be okay. But humiliation and degradation in front of your guests or strangers - no thank you. I’d rather have a private punishment.”, Will paused. “Other than that, I’d still have to explore some kinks myself. Maybe not the most complicated bondage positions at the beginning or anything with body fluids like urine or shit. And if you want to do role play, maybe let’s just do this privately, too.

Hannibal made a pleased hum.

“Understandable.”

“So your hard limits are public humiliation as well as fecal and urine play,” Hannibal repeated and wrote it down under Unnegotiable Hard Limits.

“And role play only in private for now.” No complicated, exhausting bondage positions. More kinks and positions to be added, eventually. ”

”Yes.”

“Is there anything else you would feel uncomfortable doing right now but you wouldn’t rule out in the future?”

Hannibal added the section “Soft limits” and added role play as well as progressed bondage positions and potential kinks.

“Sex involving strangers, I guess,” Will answered slowly. “I won’t do gangbangs or threesome without preparation. I’d have to be prepared for that.”

Hannibal hummed again. “I would find that extremely discourteous to throw you into the cold water.“

“We will also need a safeword,” Hannibal said. “Any ideas?”

“Chilton,” Will spat, shuddering at the thought of his professor.

“Isn’t that your professor?” Hannibal asked, amused.

“Yeah. I don’t like him.”

“And if you can’t speak, we will need a sign.”

”How about knocking three times ?” Will asked and made a fist with his hand. “And whistling if I can talk.”

Hannibal hummed again. He finished writing and showed his piece of writing to Will once again. Will looked it over and agreed.

“And what about you?” Will asked.

“My spectrum of kinks is vaster than yours, rest assured. I will adjust to your needs for now as you have less experience than me. I am very happy to start the journey with easier kinks and accompany on your journey. For me it’s important that you don’t give me orders during a session. There is a line between brattiness and topping from the bottom,” he explained.

“Okay, got it. You said it twice,” Will pointed out and yawned. His eyelids were heavy. Even though they had slept a great deal after mating, he was still very tired.

His alpha drew two lines on the bottom of the page for their signature and added his signature before handing it over to Will.

Hannibal noticed that his omega yawned. “Oh, my boy is tired again,” he purred. He checked the antique clock hanging behind Will. It was nearly 12 am. For the sake of their schedule they needed to go to bed soon. A nightcap in the study upstairs perhaps. “Maybe we should leave it for now. I just need you to sign our little contract.” He handed the book over his mate and handed him the feather quill.

“Where?”

Hannibal pointed to the bottom of the page.“Here. Right next to my signature.”

Will swiftly put his name down and handed both the notebook and quill back to his alpha who stood up and put the book away, then grabbed the empty dessert plates.

“I will hand you a copy of it and my rules as caregiver tomorrow,” Hannibal promised. “For now I will leave if here. Remember that this contract can be remedied whenever you feel like changing something. I’d talk to you in a few weeks about changes or extensions again.

Will moved his head lazily. He stood up as well,pushing the chair back. He grabbed the stem of the wine glasses and followed Hannibal back into the kitchen again, then put them into the sink. “I will do the dishes tonight,” Hannibal said calmly, shooting a glance at his omega over his shoulders. “Why don’t you get upstairs and wait for me, my boy?”

Will hugged his alpha from behind and peaked up at him. “Is this an order, Daddy?” He asked in a seductive, playful voice.

“Yes, my boy. Go now.” He tilted his head over his shoulder again. "Don't distract me or you'll get another spanking."

“Okay, daddy,” Will purred and pressed his lips to Hannibal’s cheek, then left the room.

Domesticity and Anxiety

Chapter Summary

Some more moments of domesticity. Will is still at Hannibal's house. It's Saturday night and he remembers that Beverly waits for a r message that he is alright. After reading the text, he's slightly anxious about Beverly's message. Later, Hannibal soothes him.

Chapter Notes

Cw: Anxiety

Hello there! This is a filler chapter with some fluff and some more domestic moments. I'm sorry for the long break. My writing muse doesn't appear me very often (at least not concerning my WIPs).

I don't know when the next chapter will be written.

Thanks for reading and your patience <3

Making his way out of Hannibal's kitchen, Will's stomach churned. All of a sudden, he remembered an important detail which the intense sex with his alpha had pushed from his mind in the last two days.Fuck,he had completely forgotten to text Bev that he was safe and hadn't been intimidated into being a sex slave by his dangerous alpha.

Well, Hannibal was a *cannibalistic serial killer* and manipulative at times, yet Will could handle that himself. How should he even reveal that to his best friend who was an ambitious student of forensic science?There was no way that Bev, Jimmy and Brian would react with enthusiasm and understanding if he told them that was the Chesapeake's Ripper's mate.

The omega sighed and sped up as he moved through the opulent fairy-tale-like house of Hannibal, assessing the luxurious collectibles like the white marble statues of different Greek gods or the grizzly art of Renaissance painters on the walls. Reaching the upper level of the house, Will cast another swift glance at the Samurai statue in the upper corridor which led to Hannibal's bedroom. The omega quirked an eyebrow at it."What a pretentious ass," he mumbled under his breath with an amused smirk, hoping Hannibal wouldn't head that, then proceeded to the end and opened the bedroom door.

Once inside the room, Will turned on the lights and headed towards the night stand on his side of the king-size bed and picked up his old, damaged Samsung phone. The various

banners on the screen indicated that Beverly had been desperately trying to get through to him. Will bit on his lower lip as he unlocked the screen and scanned Beverly's messages. The first ones were held in a rather cheeky and amused tone, but the last ones took on a serious tone.

Friday:

Beverly

(22:35) Hey hotshot, how is it going with you two? Don't forget to confirm that you're safe and everything's fine.

(23:30:) Ok, I get it, you're busy with your alpha ;) Enjoy the sexy times ;)

Saturday:

Beverly:

(14:10)Hey Will, please pick up your phone! We are worried.

(18:30) IF I DON'T GET AN ANSWER UNTIL SUNDAY MORNING, WE WILL INFORM THE FBI.

Brian:

(21:45) Just send her a message, dude, or Bev's going nuts.

Will frowned. Shit, that had escalated quickly. He had to prepare himself for an intense confrontation for an angry Beverly was never a particularly pleasant experience. It took her a long time to get angry with her friends, especially at him, but once a line had been crossed, you didn't want to be in the same room with her.

Of course, Will understood her actions and emotions. Beverly wanted the best for his life as omega and protect him from danger. She had always helped him out when he was in a tight spot or needed some support for disguising his second gender. He couldn't exactly blame her for her fury, seeing what happened to her sister. He discarded Hannibal's fluffy loafers and flung himself on the nest which still reeked of rut and hastily typed and forwarded d the message,

(00:20)Hey Bev, I'm really sorry that I didn't text you earlier, but I'm fine. I haven't been kidnapped or locked into a cellar. My alpha has been treating me well and with respect. Gosh, you have to come over. Below you find the proof ;)

Will took a quick picture of the bedroom, even though the quality wasn't that great and continued to type.

(00:21) I'll be back on Sunday afternoon and take care of the chores. Can we talk about everything then?

He swiped back, opened another chat window and sent Brian a short message.

(00:22) Thanks for the warning, Zel. I've sent her a message already. Night night.

Sighing softly, Will finally closed the messaging app, lowered the phone on his lap and stared at the ceiling as his thoughts lingered on the matter. Perhaps he should alert his mate in case the FBI really sent out a team to their doorstep. His pulse increased as he imagined his alpha being tasered, muzzled and handcuffed and shoved into the black vehicle after the FBI found evidence in the house.So he quickly forwarded another message.

(*00:22) And please don't call the FBI or the police. If you've already down at the precinct, tell them there is no need to come. Thx*

Once Will had sent the message, he went to his bag and retrieved the charging cable. He plugged it into the plug socket and connected the other end to his phone. After checking the screen anxiously, the omega decided that he needed to do something while his alpha was cleaning up downstairs and immediately rose from the soft mattress.

Trying to fight off the thoughts of disaster to not upset his alpha through the telepathic bond they shared, he breathed in deeply for a few times and began to work. The omega pulled off the sheets and threw the pile of dirty sheets and cover on the floor, then moved over to the spacious walk-in wardrobe, looking for fresh sheets and duvet covers.

Will opened the slide doors of the wardrobe with the tall mirrors , entered and looked for the section with bed sheets and duvet covers. His jaw dropped at the sight of the vast interior and the amount of clothes. Everything was arrayed neatly. There were separate sections for different kinds of clothes. For a moment he dreamed of having his own luxurious wardrobe with his tailored clothes. A dreamy smile appeared on his face as he imagined himself at the opera in Baltimore, wearing fancy omegan dress suits and jewlery, earning jealous and longing looks from fellow omegas.

"If you're wondering when you're going to get your clothes, I have already planned a trip to my favorite tailor in Baltimore, darling. Now if you please, finish what you started, my boy. The covers for the sheets and duvets are not in the wardrobe but in the last drawer of the shelf next to the door.I will be there with you shortly."

"Y..yes, alpha. "

Will's face took on a shade of magenta as his alpha caught him in this indulgent fantasy. He quickly stepped out of the wardrobe and headed towards the massive, old-fashioned mahogany drawer next to the door. After the mild scold, Will quickly sought matching covers, bed sheets and pillow covers and headed towards the bed, determined to be meticulous and not sloppy.

Hannibal checked the kitchen and dining room one last time, turned off the lights and headed towards the spiralling staircase, following the scent of pheromones that his young lover had extruded. There was a slight acerbic fragrance to the trail of pheromones. The alpha pondered on the reason for the sour scent of anxiety.

While cleaning the dishes, he had already sensed some kind of uneasiness and worry seeping through the emotional and mental bond and Hannibal wondered what it could have been. Perhaps the omega was still overwhelmed with the relationship and negotiated terms. Maybe he was scared of something specifiic. They needed to have a talk to tackle this issue. He wanted to gain and keep the omega's trust. The alpha climbed the stairs swiftly and walked through the dimly-lit corridor.

When he reached the room, he stopped at the door and watched Will putting on the bed sheets, albeit a bit sloppily, cursing under his breath when the sheet didn't want to stay put. The alpha found the clumsiness adorable to watch. When Will finally climbed off the bed after getting it done, he approached the omega with slow-measured steps.

Sensing Hannibal's approach, Will immediately turned around and directed his precious blue eyes at his mate. Hannibal noticed a stiffness in Will's posture which he didn't like. As his alpha, it was his duty to make the omega feel safe. The omega avoided his gaze and lowered his neck.

"Alpha..I hope you like it," Will said. "I don't know if it's good enough. Back in my flat, I really didn't bother much about putting them on neatly."

The older alpha breached their distance and came to a halt behind Will, wrapping his hands around his waist, nosing the fragrance of his shampoo, pressing a kiss to the freshly healed mating scar.

"Don't worry, Will," Hannibal purred and pressed his lips to his unruly curls. "You've done well." At the same time, his right hand slid up to the scar to stroke it. He knew that stroking the mating scar could bring some relaxation to omegas.

The stroking of the scar elicited a purr from the omega. Will closed his eyes, melted into the touch and dropped his tensed shoulders. He leaned against Hannibal, fully trusting the alpha to catch him. Calmness wafted through the bond and slowly eased the storm of thoughts in his mind.

"That's my boy.," Hannibal whispered, peppering further soft kisses to Will's cheeks. "Now…do you want to tell me what keeps occupying that precious mind of yours? There is something bothering you. Let me help."

"I forgot to text my friend Beverly who grew very worried about my whereabouts. She..she threatened to call the FBI if I didn't answer." Will swallowed and gazed up at his mate.

Hannibal hummed and kept on sliding his fingers over the crook of Will's neck. The alpha wasn't too worried about the FBI coming here, seeing that he was acquainted with Jack Crawford.

Will noted the calmness of Hannibal, too. "That doesn't seem to bother you at all," he said, raising one of his eyebrows.The omega pulled his neck away, making Hannibal pull his hand back and release his left hand from his waist.

He sat down on the bed and narrowed his eyes in suspicion. “May I ask why it doesn’t bother you and why you seem so damn smug about it?”

Hannibal moved to the bed and sat directly next to Will, reaching out for Will’s hand.

“Will, I have very good connections to the FBI,” he said, revealing his shark-like grin. “I am acquainted with Jack Crawford, the head of the behavioural analysis unit and help him with particular complicated cases as a forensic psychiatrist. Also, I have good connections outside the US, should we be forced to leave our lives behind.”

Will took a moment to process this valuable new information, then let out a heavy sigh.

“Gosh, I am so stupid,” he said, clenching his jaw and covering his face. “I should have known and trusted you.” He lowered his head. Hannibal grew angry as the omega beat himself up for it.

The alpha let out an angry growl, making Will flinch and whine. “Don’t talk like this about you or I will be forced to take measures into my hands. Remember what we talked about after dinner?”

Another blush graced Will’s cheeks. “Yes, al…Daddy. “ He took some more deep breaths.

“I promise that I’m going to work on this issue. “

Hannibal smiled and kissed his temple again.

On the nightstand, Will’s phone buzzed. Will jumped up immediately to get his phone.

“I believe that you just received a message from your worried friends,” Hannibal indicated with an amused smirk, encouraging Will to get his phone. He watched Will buzz around the bed and picked up the phone.At the same time, he rose, walked to the pile of dirty clothes and picked them up. “I will be in the laundry room if you need me.”

Will gave out a short hum. His eyes were fixed on the message window that just popped up.

(1:05): Alright. We didn’t call the cops, but DON’T DO THIS EVER AGAIN. You scared the fuck out of me! Now, see you tomorrow night. It’s your turn to clean the kitchen and take out the trash for the next two weeks.

Will rolled his eyes. shut the messaging app and slammed the phone on the table again. He picked up the pajama on the chair laid out for him and started undressing. After that, he folded his clothes as well as he could, turned off the main lights in the bedroom, turned on the reading lights, then laid down on the soft, silken sheets again, crossing his hands beneath his head.The heavy weight that had occupied his mind was now gone.

When Hannibal appeared at the threshold again, Will lifted his head and gave his alpha a big smile.

“I take it that your problem has been resolved,” Hannibal remarked.

Will nodded. “Yeah, she didn’t call the police or the FBI but she was close to doing that.”

Hannibal’s smirk widened. “Then let us be glad that your dear friend refrained from taking action.” The alpha moved over to the wardrobe with smooth steps, and retrieved one silken pajama from the wardrobe. Resting on the bed. Will kept his eyes fixed on Hannibal’s gorgeous, broad back and ass as the alpha undressed and slipped into his black, silken sleeping gown. Pride welled up in his chest. He was glad that he hadn’t been forcefully mated to a greasy douchebag. No, Hannibal was the right alpha to have as a mate, even though he had an intense darkness within him.

After sorting the duvet, Will snuggled closer to Hannibal and draped the duvet over their bodies. His mate let out a satisfied purr and flung his arm around Will, forming the big spoon.

“Let’s get some rest. Our bodies still need to recover. Tomorrow, after breakfast in bed, I would like to try an exercise with you to introduce you further to the world of submission and dominance.” He paused and scrutinised Will. “If that is alright with you.”

Will tilted his head over his shoulder. His blue orbs beamed with excitement. “Sure. I can’t wait to start with my training.”

This earned him another fond smile of Hannibal.

“Good night, sweet boy.”

“Good night, daddy.”

Will pulled his knees up, pressing his bottom slightly against Hannibal’s groin. The alpha couldn’t resist the temptation. He squeezed and slapped Will’s ass in a playful manner, eliciting a purr from Will. Then Hannibal reached out his hand, turned off the reading lights and allowed himself to drift into sleep.

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